THE PRIEST

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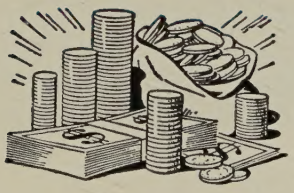

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REV. JOHN A. O'BRIEN, PH.D.

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THE ex-priest, real or bogus, is in greater demand today by Protestant and anti-Catholic organizations than at any time since **The Menace**, era, and we receive a great many letters from different parts of the country asking something about the antecedents of this or that man brought into a community to "enlighten" non-Catholics concerning the Catholic religion.

There is a way for a priest in every community to ascertain whether the speaker had ever been a priest, and that way is for him to send two or three men to listen to the speaker in question, and after he will have finished one of his discourses to ask the question: "When, where and by whom were you ordained a priest?" Should he hesitate to give the answer he will at once arouse suspicion in the audience concerning his real identity, which will likely discredit him.

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tion," and it was done according to the method we have herein proposed. Most of the men never had been priests; some of them not even Catholics, but they had read anti-Catholic books and became pretty much imbued with the stock charges made against the Church. But when they answered the question of the Priest's agents we were able to trace them to England, Australia, or any other country, and for the information of the clergy we made their records available.

Most of the women who posed as ex-nuns had been wayward girls, placed in Houses of the Good Shepherd for Incorrigibles and for whom persons employed by **The Menace** and other anti-Catholic papers prepared the stories which they were to relate from the public platform as representing their own experiences.

We might say, in passing, that **Our Sunday Visitor** has gathered information on anti-Catholicism chiefly **for the information of pastors** and not, as some suppose, to publicize the same over the nation to the disedification of Catholics.

Using the Secular Paper

A Duluth pastor has sent us a clipping of the sermon he contributed recently to a neighborhood shoppers' guide, distributed to 13,700 homes in this city. He suggests that pastors everywhere should send sermon notes to their local paper with the idea of getting a free ride for Catholic Truth.

It's a great idea—one that the Narberth Movement has been ex-

THE PRIEST **AUGUST, 1949** **VOL. 5, NO. 8**

"Take heed to thyself and to thy teaching: be earnest in them. For in so doing, thou wilt save both thyself and those who hear thee."
First Epistle of St. Paul to Timothy (iv. 16)

THE PRIEST is published monthly by Our Sunday Visitor, Inc., at Huntington, Indiana. Printed in U. S. A. Entered as second-class matter December 20, 1944, at the Post Office at Huntington, Indiana, under the act of March 3, 1879.

Subscription Prices:

To members of Catholic clergy, and religious, $3.00 per year, $5.00 for two years. To seminarians in U. S. A., $1.50 per year. Canadian and Foreign, $4.00 per year, $7.00 for two years. To seminarians in Canada and foreign countries, $2.00 per year.

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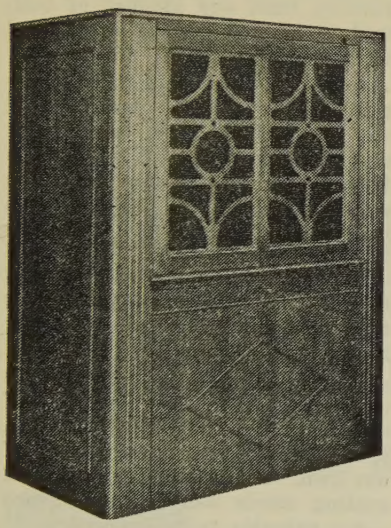

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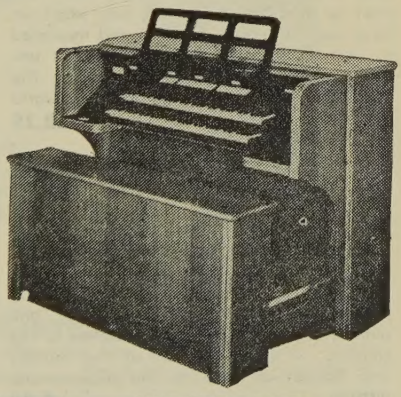

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Fact is, though, that many an editor would much rather have the by-line of a local personage on his religious copy, with maybe a picture, than any amount of boilerplate handed out by a national agency.

A serious drawback here, however, is that weekly deadline. It can be met, though, with habit and perseverance. We have a friend who started the Narberth articles in his local paper. Then he himself took over after the first year because he figured he knew local problems better and besides, it was more fun doing them himself. He enjoys seeing himself in print.

We should claim our fair share of space in the local papers—if not through Narberth articles, then through "sermon notes" of our own. It's a valuable means of getting inside non-Catholic homes —too valuable to be ignored.

How Did You Ever . . .!

COLUMNIST Ed Sullivan reports that when Cardinal Spellman was first appointed Archbishop of New York, he set out to visit every Catholic hospital and school. He adopted the plan of dropping in on the nearest institution whenever he was out for his evening walk.

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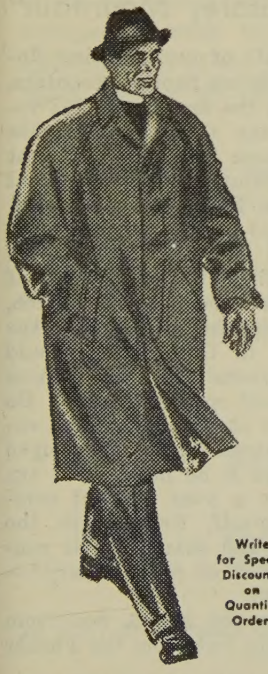

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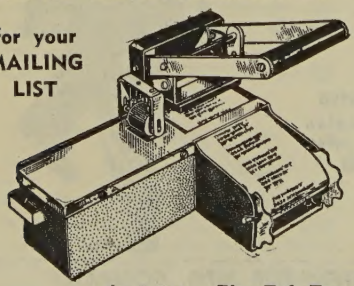

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Currente Calamo

Father?" He said no, that he wouldn't impose on their time.

"May I have your name, Father?" the nun asked, "as a record for Mother Superior."—"Tell her the Archbishop was here."—He smiled.

Both nuns smiled broadly back.

"Of course, Father. The priests always tell us that. It's their little joke. But what is your name?"

His Eminence, with reluctance, produced his calling card.

It was examined with great care. Then one of the nuns in a fine old brogue said almost with severity, "Now, Father, how did you ever get that?"

Postscript on "Seven Storey Mountain"

A FRIEND of ours, having finished **Seven Storey Mountain,** sat down in the first fire of his vocation to the Cistercians—a fire that very soon flickered, we might add—and penned a few relevant questions to Father Louis.

He wanted to know, specifically, if it would be wise to "burn his bridges behind him," to dispose of his car, insurance policy, Scotch, and securities, before catching the next train to Gethsemani. Could he keep personalia such as diaries and treasured correspondence? Do the Fathers of the community engage in manual labor? (He hoped not!) Would it be possible to try the life for a year without committing himself, living with the community and sharing their routine as a sort of probationary?—and so forth.

In return, he heard, not from Father Louis, but from the Father

Continued on page 623

Reason To Revelation

by Daniel J. Saunders, S.J.

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THIS work of apologetics sets forth and discusses the proofs of the divinity of Christ. ..The miracles and prophecies of Christ and His resurrection are the subjects of the concluding chapters. Earlier sections establish the authorship and credibility of the Gospels, from which most of the evidence is adduced.

To a remarkable degree the author has kept his arguments free from the technical language of theological textbooks. Thus his work is especially suitable for study clubs and will be found helpful for priests who are preparing addresses on various themes of apologetics.

The argumentation, built up in the order of climax, is sound without being involved, adequate without being verbose, scholarly without being pedantic.

Reason to Revelation sets out to prove the divinity of Christ. This it does without being lured into irrelevant discussions. The author, with special attention, solves the difficulties and refutes the objections of modern rationalists and skeptics.

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the PRIEST

VOL. V AUGUST, 1949 NO. 8

Editorial Comment

Are You Familiar With The Causes?

COLLEGE professors, radio news commentators and columnists, most of them comparatively young, know little of *backgrounds*, and cannot, therefore, correctly philosophize. Yet they are the chief formers of public opinion today.

The writer's memory is not only clear on all movements organized against the Catholic Church during the past fifty years—because he was forced to concentrate on them—but the study of sectarian and irreligious crusades, from the literature of their own leaders, was his specialty. Nothing became more patent than their mutual cooperation in our own country and internationally.

Hence do not construe as braggadocio the writer's claim that he knows Protestantism in all its phases even as well as he knows his own religion. Since he has, for forty years, received *official* periodicals of anti-Christian organizations, and of the larger Protestant denominations, he could hardly be wrong in his estimate of their designs and purposes, and of their methods and tactics. In fact, he would be very happy to have pointed out that he was ever incorrect in judgments he has passed either on organizations or persons intent on poisoning non-Catholic minds against the Catholic Church.

He guided the *Religious Prejudice Commission* appointed by the Supreme Council of the Knights of Columbus in 1914; acquainted the country with the character, purposes and personnel of the *Menace* and thirty daughter sheets, which resulted in their almost sudden death after his exposure; he gathered, from all over the world, the records of real and fake ex-priests and ex-nuns who had been supported by Masons, Protestant churchmen, atheistic and Socialistic organizations of that day, and made them available

to Catholics resident in the thousands of communities visited by such disturbers of the peace. OUR SUNDAY VISITOR was organized to expose anti-Catholicism which was rampant in this country before World War I, and to serve the correct answers.

Many Protestant leaders expressed regret that they had gotten behind such organizations as the *Guardians of Liberty*, the *Knights of Luther*, the *Ku Klux Klan*, after they learned that their promoters were motivated chiefly by political and monetary considerations. Hence there was a lull in organized anti-Catholic propaganda between World War I and the nomination of Al Smith for the Presidency, in 1928. During his campaign OUR SUNDAY VISITOR was selected to supply data for Michael Williams, who was delegated by John Raskob, Smith's campaign chairman, to handle the religious prejudice issues raised during that campaign.

But not all Socialists prior to World War I, organized as are the Communists of our times on the theories of Karl Marx, changed their hearts, and that is why there was in our country a widespread sympathy for Communism until the past two years, when it became unpopular for them openly to express themselves, owing to our government's trouble with Russia.

The latent forces of bigotry recently aroused into action by the Protestants and Other Americans United, cooperating with the Southern Jurisdiction of Scottish Rite Freemasonry, the American Association for the Advancement of Atheism, the American Society of Freethinkers, the American Jewish Congress, and some officers of the National Educational Association, are following a new tactic to attain the old objective. They would strike at Catholicism through *legislation*, designed to make it difficult for it to function at the nursery level. When we read of an Everson, of New Jersey, testing a "bus transportation" issue before the Supreme Court, a McCollum appeal to the same court to have religious instruction on released time declared illegal, we must not harbor the notion that such action was taken on their own initiative. The individuals were pressed to do this by some of the organizations above mentioned, they to take care of the costs.

The P.O.A.U.

The latest movement (January, 1948) sponsored by recognized leaders of many Protestant denominations (the POAU), is well financed, has decided to start a Protestant national paper, and has already warned every member of Congress against casting his vote in favor of the allowance of a dollar of public funds, directly or indirectly, to aid non-public schools, instigated the trouble for the Sisters in New Mexico and North Dakota. Through churchmen of all denominations

it has inaugurated a campaign of letter-writing to intimidate the members of Congress.

The formers of POAU are chiefly left-wing clergymen, whose past records are briefly recounted here:

(a) *Bishop Oxnam* — Methodist Bishop of New York—who visited Russia as a friend some years ago; was associated with *The Protestant Digest;* later with the vigorously pro-Communist and anti-Catholic *The Protestant,* listed by a Congressional Committee as a Communist-front publication; co-worker with Rev. Claude Williams, who admitted that he carried a Communist Party membership card under an alias; mentioned with three other Methodist Bishops as head of a "Socialist Bloc" back in August, 1937, by Dr. Rembert T. Smith, of Emery, Oklahoma, Methodist College; recent president of the Federal Council of Churches, and then President of the Planned Parenthood Federation; charged by Rev. F. Dean Banta (Baptist), of Buffalo, with "sponsoring a number of Protestant Communist organizations"; selected to tour the country from coast to coast and deliver anti-Catholic lectures.

(b) *Dr. L. D. Newton,* Atlanta, President of the Southern Baptist Convention, who visited Russia during 1948 and returned with glowing accounts of the wonderful religious liberty accorded to the Russian people; who would not accept Cordell Hull's denial that the State Department refused visas to Protestant clergymen desirous of going to South America for missionary work; the chief and most frequent protestor against the continuation of Myron Taylor's mission to the Vatican; who admitted on March 8, 1949, that "Protestants and Other Americans United" had filed briefs with the Supreme Court to support "the appeal of Mrs. McCollum," the professed atheist daughter of the President of the American Society of Freethinkers; author of a 48 page booklet entitled "An American Clergyman in the Soviet Union," published by the American Russian Institute, and distributed by the Communist Party [Bishop Oxnam wrote the introduction to this book and recommended its perusal].

(c) *Elmer E. Rogers,* who represents the Supreme Council of the Scottish Rite Masons of the Southern Jurisdiction on "Protestants and Other Americans United" [We have treated this organization at length in a pamphlet.]

(d) *Dr. Charles Clayton Morrison,* until recently editor of *The Christian Century;* a longtime advocate of religious instruction in the schools or through released time, but presently against it; praised by the *New Age* for "taking a position that is anti-Roman Catholic." *The Christian Century* has, in recent years, become vehemently anti-Catholic; carried seven

articles from the pen of Harold Fey, designed to arouse Protestant laity into action against the Catholic Church; carried recently a series of four articles by Paul Blanshard, who had previously written offensive anti-Catholic articles for *The Nation*, most of them embodied in a recent book.

(e) *Samuel McCrea Calvert*, General Secretary of the Federal Council of Churches; connected with the American Friends of Spanish Democracy, listed by our State Department as a "pro-Red" organization; author of advertisements contributed to the secular press containing camouflaged attacks on Catholic teaching and practice.

(f) *Willard E. Givens*, Executive Secretary of the National Educational Association, who urged teachers throughout the nation to send a warning to members of Congress against voting for any Federal Aid Bill which might indirectly help children of non-public schools.

(g) *J. M. Dawson*, former editor of *The Baptist Standard* who, as late as May, 1949, stirred the Southern Baptist Convention, meeting in Oklahoma City, to pass a resolution denunciatory of the Vatican and the Catholic Hierarchy in the United States; sender of a pamphlet to all members of Congress entitled "Shadows Over Our Schools," which he urged each to read carefully, and then to vote yes only on a Federal Aid Bill that would keep any funds from non-public schools.

(h) *Dr. Edwin McNeill Poteat*, first head of "Protestants and Other Americans United," member of the initiating committee of the Communist-front "Civil Rights Congress," which had put up bond for Red leaders mentioned in a report issued by the House Committee on un-American Activities.

It is unfortunate that this tie-up between prejudiced Protestant churchmen and irreligious organizations is not known to the American people, 120,000,000 of whom are not reached by any Catholic answers or explanations.

It may be a little too late to correct the severe damage done, but—as was announced in the July issue of THE PRIEST—there will be installed this fall a National Catholic Bureau of Information at the National Catholic Welfare Conference headquarters, to serve secular papers and periodicals, and to explain the Catholic position to the formers of public opinion; also to legislators, both on the national and state levels through constituents back home.

Silence Betokens Indifference

Our enemies maintain insistently that Catholics, as an urban people, control the metropolitan papers, while the fact is that our group has never been wont either to find fault when the papers they read flagrantly

misrepresent their Church, or to praise the editors when they occasionally come to our defense. Fulton Oursler, presently senior editor of the *Reader's Digest,* and former editor of a string of papers and magazines, familiar with the tactics of our enemies and of Protestant organizations, in a series of radio talks over the Catholic Hour, noted that our use of the secular papers for the correct presentation of the Catholic position and for the correction of misrepresentation is the need of the hour. Believing that the average representative of the people, whether in Congress or in the State legislatures, would not do us any wilful injustice, he knows no other way for our self-protection than to have a few hand-picked Catholics in every parish to write to their respective representatives whenever legislation is being considered which, if passed, would be inimical to our interests. Silence on our part has always been construed as agreement with our accusers, or at least as indifference.

In the fifty largest cities of the United States we number from thirty-one to sixty-five per cent of the total population, and would, therefore, actually be in a position to insist that the press in those cities be at least fair. We seemingly have never learned the full import of the axiom "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

We have within our Church in the United States an organization numerically as strong as the Masonic, atheistic, irreligious and Communistic organizations combined, but we make poor use of it. The Holy Name Society counts some 4,000,000 men, and the National Council of Catholic Women more than 5,000,000 women. They need not be in politics to be of local and national help to us; but if in each parish unit at least two or three were delegated to watch the press and to write letters, to distribute literature, our countrymen would soon have a different picture of our Church. We do not even use the Holy Name men for convert-making. If each prayed and worked to convert one non-Catholic relative or friend, and one out of four succeeded, we would have 1,000,000 converts a year. How any branch of Protestantism would like to have an organization of 4,000,000 men, representing practically every parish in the United States, to serve its cause!

Junior was showing off his new learning.

"The Four Evangelists," he said with vast assurance, "are Matthew, Mark, Luke, and . . . uh . . ."

"—John, added his mother.

"Mother," he asked with sudden suspicion, "have you heard this story before?"

Church Of Preference

Cornelius McGraw, C.P.

On exploiting benevolence

LAST year saw much rejoicing amongst the zealous. The Catholic Directory listed 115,000 converts for the previous year. It takes little to make the apostolic happy. They are content with small successes. And was not 1947 our very best year? Yes, indeed. But when we analyze the results, we find that we made not quite three converts per priest. It would seem that we could, and should, do better. We are sowing plenty of seed, good seed. But something is wrong with the harvest. Let's not say: "An enemy hath done this." Perhaps we can blame ourselves. Let's reflect.

Have we ever really made up our minds, as a body, to get converts? Unless our figures lie, several thousands of our parishes can boast of practically none for 1947. Just how many did your parish have?

Are we ignorant of possibilities? Among the unchurched: How many of us know the state of religion in our community or even within the confines of our own parish? For figures we have to go to the Ministerial Association. They canvass the community. They take the religious census of the town. They know how many Catholics there are in our parish. They know how many are practical. Yes, they can sometimes tell us how many Catholics attended Mass last Sunday. They know the unchurched, and the church affiliation of every Christian in the community. They know how many prisoners are in the city jail. They know all about the religious status of the inmates of the county poor-farm. They can give you figures on the hospital for the insane. They are well informed about the State penitentiary. And because they are informed they get "converts."

Tricks With Figures

It is true they sometimes play tricks with figures, but we must remember they have the figures with which to play the tricks. They did, indeed, "prove" New Orleans to be 51.4% Protestant. And witness this joker—from *The Christian Century*: "St. Petersburg, Fla., Dec. 3, 1948—United Churches has just completed a city-wide census. Results show 92% belong to some church. Breakdown shows 77% Protestant; 13½% Catholics; 1½% Jewish. 30,000 families were interviewed: *1,421* were not interested in any church; *4,118* belonged to no church; *4,181* held membership elsewhere."

Recently Catholics have lent varying degrees of "co-operation" in the work of canvassing. The co-operation has not always led to better understanding, for

which, in some instances and to some extent, we may blame ourselves.

In the past year papers have carried accounts of surveys made in New Haven, Pittsburgh, St. Petersburg, New Orleans, Seattle, etc. The important factor in these surveys is not the number of Catholics or the number of Protestants brought to light but the large number of people who designate the Catholic Church as the church of their "preference." The recent New Orleans census showed 30,000 who expressed a "preference" for the Catholic religion. If these census cards were surrendered to the Catholic authorities, we can expect more than the 833 converts (1947 figures) listed in the 1950 Catholic Directory, for the diocese of New Orleans. The Pittsburgh census showed a third claiming no church affiliation. But only 5% failed to admit a church "preference." How many of the 70,000,000 non-churched would express a "preference" for the Catholic Church? We don't know. What a pity!

Among Dissatisfied Protestants

Protestantism, "formerly the ascendant faith and dominant force in American culture, is no longer so." It is "sick, impotent, ineffective, chaotic." It is viewed "as a survival of an era that is past, by politicians, educators, labor leaders, journalists, and movie magnates." See "Can Protestantism Win America?" by C. C. Morrison. May we quote again: "Denominational loyalty has lost the hold it once had on the laity of the larger and more liberal denominations. . . . Somewhere along the road we have abandoned the notion that Christian truth is something to be shored up and bomb-proofed by protective organizations. . . Our own preferences are the only real issue at stake in belonging to one church rather than another. . . The great majority have the same attitude toward their churches as they have toward their grocers and for the same reason. They are patrons of both. . . Three-fourths of the congregation will not function at all unless they are 'crazy about the preacher'" (Our Patron Saints, by Jos. R. Walker, *Christian Century* 11/24/48).

What about public relations? More and more non-Catholics, both non-churched and Protestant, are looking towards the Church and are attending our services. Up to the present, the faith in America has been spread almost solely by "institutional penetration." We build a church, a school, a hospital, an orphanage, and leave the rest to the Lord. "Go build" has to a large extent taken the place of "Go make disciples." If our institutions are to get the results we expect, good relations with the public are necessary. Thousands prefer Catholicism: Catholicism must attract them. They contact Catholicism through the

local pastor and the parish church. All of which brings us to the subject of public relations, *our* public relations.

Who is our public? Our own congregation; the visitors in our church; those who pass by; those who read our notices in the paper; those who come to our dances, bingo, picnics, graduation exercises; those who attend weddings and funerals; who hear us speak at clubs; those who meet us on the street; those who do business with us; the service men, the newsboy, the mail-man, telephone operators, our barber, the laundress; the polite beggars and the bums who ring our doorbell; those who just hear about us. All these are our public.

Examine On Public Relations

Any priest who wishes to examine his conscience in regard to his personal relations with the public might ask himself these questions: My dress — most Catholics resent non-clerical dress; my conduct—my greetings on the street and in the rectory, the letters I write, the phone calls I make and those I receive, my recreations, my social contacts, my care of the sick and the aged, my manner of conducting weddings and funerals, my manner of giving instructions, my handling of marriage cases, my "office hours," my contact with the press.

The pastor may be a prince but there is the now-famous "Julie"—what about her relations with the public? Then, too, we have a janitor. A cold and dirty church does not impress the public. We have ushers, sometimes offensive ones. And servers. And then, for better or for worse, we have a choir. All these people influence our public for or against us.

We have a rectory. It has a door and a 'phone. If people wish to do business with us they must use either one or the other. Once upon a time there was a certain large parish. The people complained that it was impossible to see a priest. The housekeeper would let no one past the door. The secretary would call no one to the 'phone. The parish isn't large any more.

Our buildings too are important if we wish to impress the public. An old rector used to say: "To him that hath shall be given." People like to contribute to a going institution; not to one that appears on the verge of bankruptcy. People will join a "going" church. A broken step, or window, a defective door that won't open or stay shut, a leaky gutter, an unkept lawn, a half-lighted church, these things will hardly impress people favorably. Catholics complain bitterly about small town churches with no highway signs, no outdoor bulletin, no church listing in the telephone book, and sometimes not even a cross on the church.

Our services can and should be our greatest drawing card.

Our altar is intended to aid devotion. Our Mass starting on time, not early, not late, can and should be a thing of beauty. Observance of rubrics will make it that. A prepared sermon and music are absolutely necessary if we want to draw non-Catholics. Even our own people will avoid a "silent" Mass if at all possible. The collection is necessary. But it should be "singular"; many churches are supported by one. Duplex envelopes are a solution. Two collections, and certainly three, will not win friends and influence people.

We want to stop the leakage and we want more converts. More zeal, a better realization of possibilities in our community, and better public relations will help. Until we get something of our own, may we recommend: *Public Relations For Churches* by Stewart Harral (Abingdon - Cokesbury Press, Nashville 2, Tenn., or 150 Fifth Ave., New York 11, N.Y. $1.00).

It is not always Catholic dogma that keeps people out of the church but too often it is our presentation of Catholic teaching in our church services and in our daily priestly contacts. Hundreds of thousands prefer the Catholic Church. When they prefer St. Michael's or St. John's they will join the Catholic Church.

Genesis of Russian Revolution

The Russian revolution is the child of the Russian intelligentsia. Peter the Great gave culture to his country—he imported materialism, taught his country to scoff at everything sacred. Catherine the Great enshrined the French free-thinkers in Russian minds. Voltaire fathered this new generation whom he taught to laugh, until the laughter became the grimace of a skull. He murdered Orthodoxy in the hearts of Russia's upper classes. Orthodoxy was good for the people; it kept serfdom, whipped Russia into holy contentment, it salved the consciences of those who had not completely apostatized, yet wanted to live the reckless, fantastically prodigal, luxurious lavishness of those "old times" the disappearance of which even Belinsky (in his earlier years) lamented so poetically. An Orthodoxy that blessed simultaneously the awfulness of serfdom and the scandals of the aristocracy could not longer satisfy that ardent youth aching for something better, truer, nobler. Then they threw themselves into German philosophy—Fichte, Schelling, Hegel and, much later, Marx. What an aching for truth you feel in the throbbing correspondence of cultured Russia that was rising to the height of genius. They tried everything—except Him who is "the Way, the Truth and the Life."—Joseph Ledit, S.J., in **Thought**, December, 1948.

Some Observations On Brothers

Charles Kelty, S.V.D.

What has become of this honorable vocation?

IT seems to me that the religious life among men in the United States has a lop-sided character inasmuch as too many are in the priestly religious state and too few in the lay-religious state. Not that we have too many religious priests, a fact I believe obvious, but that the numerical relation of these priests to brothers is out of proportion. What is desirable is not fewer religious priests, but more brothers. Were the too-long-prevalent notion that God must mysteriously inspire a young man to enter the priestly or lay-religious state by giving to him a "vocation" to the one or the other life a true one, we could, perhaps, blame the Lord for the present setup and suggest that we storm Heaven as a remedy, in an attempt to have these "vocations" come in more abundance and in proportion. But since this is an untenable exaggeration, the cause and the remedy for the conditions that we now endure must lie elsewhere.

Aware that a religious vocation, in our case, is no more than the grace accompanying the official acceptance by proper authority of a young man wishing to devote himself to the service of God in some institute, it becomes clear to us that the dearth of vocations could hardly be possible were there enough young men to offer themselves to God and enough superiors willing to accept them if suitable. Assuming, for the moment, that there are superiors enough, the want is for young men with a will to enter the various orders and congregations. In this connection, the Lord's answer to the plea, "Send more laborers into Thy vineyard," might well be that of many a superior, "Gladly would I do so did I but have the men to send." What power is going to move men to give themselves to God? Grace, in the first place. Grace prompting a young fellow to do this good; a stimulus given directly or indirectly by God inducing one to offer one's self with the hope that, if proven acceptable, one be received by the superiors of the group in question. That these graces are available can hardly be denied, since it is unlikely that God would withhold them. Perhaps what is lacking is merely the earthly circumstance with which to clothe the graces, since the latter do not ordinarily come alone, but by way of some mundane influence, such as good example, personal experience, friends, direct suggestions, read-

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Father Kelty sends this to us from New Guinea.

ing, propaganda, and the like. And here, I think, is the root of the problem.

Unknown, Unesteemed, Not Understood

In the life of the brothers we have something unknown, unesteemed, and not understood. While a student in the mission seminary, I had many an opportunity to tour the place with the visitors who frequented it. It was almost invariably the question of the brothers that proved not only the most interesting to them, but also the most baffling. Good Catholics, mostly, and yet many could not grasp the "why" behind a man's dedication of himself to God, living out his vowed years in one of the many works of our particular brothers, in the mission press, in the nursery, the farm, the gardens, the chapel, the offices, machine-shops, or off in the missions.

It was not enough that the visitors were suprised that there were such men at all; but they had, besides, a sort of bewildered admiration that made it clear that though they thought the brothers' lifework grand, they would never recommend it to a son of their own. And always the query seemed to be lurking in the background—if not spoken outright—"They don't receive Holy Orders and they don't say Mass?"

Sympathetic clucking and shaking of the head indicated their wondering why God and man had been so hard on these individuals. And there were those others, of course, who, reveling more in the poetry of the religious life than in its prose, almost envied the brothers for their hidden, secluded life away from the turmoil of the world, much as if they thought these men had run away from the fight when the firing got too hot. Again, there were those maddening specimens who, looking about the place (not knowing it was once a swamp) with its beautifully layed out parks, its acres, fine church, auditorium, would deprecatingly remark, "My! Nice life you have here!", considering the whole as a sort of exclusive country-club for resident bachelors—thus completely missing the heart of the religious life.

I might mention, too, those unfortunately-worded advertisements that one sees now and then: "Wanted. Brothers. No education required." Or, worse still, when a line or two is added at the bottom of a plea for priesthood candidates to the effect that one can also be a brother, as a sort of second choice.

False Attitude Must Change

These and other observations have made it clear to me that the life of the brothers is in poor repute. As I gather it, the common opinion, in so far as there is any at all, is that the type of men who become brothers would include the following: Men for whom the world was too much and who had to "get away

from it all," men who were not bright enough to become priests, men not much good for anything else beyond being pius. And I suppose there are people who think the brothers were once betrayed by a loved one and ran away to bury themselves forever, since a counterpart fiction has most nuns in the same category.

If the Catholic Church in America is to come into full flower, the popular attitude toward the brothers will certainly have to change. Until that attitude does change, I do not think it can be said that the Faith has really taken hold. The religious state, apart from the priestly, is a holy one; one made for men as well as for women, for laymen as well as for clerics. A clerical preponderance among the men is not a sign of health. When we have as many brothers as we have priests—not to say more—we may rest a little on this score. I cannot conceive that the American scene is any less adapted to this particular state of life than other times and places. Men are men the world over. Our inheritance of propensities, longings, desires, was dispensed quite democratically. There have been other times of luxury and ease, other days of love of comfort and pleasure, other years of turmoil and strife—too many to let me think that the American has insuperable difficulties on his way to a sane attitude toward, if not an actual entrance into, the state of lay brotherhood.

For all that, it is the characteristic note of America—love for freedom—that should make the life of the brothers highly evaluated. To me, the greatest sacrifice a brother makes is the surrender of his freedom: freedom to do his own bidding, freedom as to his use of money, freedom to marry, freedom as to his daily round of duties. It has always been maintained that the American has prized liberty and freedom very highly. If that be so, would not the surrender of that pleasure be the best sacrifice that a man could make to God? We justifiably prize the state of married love. It is only fitting, then, that men and women should give up that good for the sake of the Lord. All do so who are celibates for Christ. The same applies to freedom. Is the best too good for God?

Room For Every Talent

The brotherhood leads a humble, hidden life of service. As a matter of fact, these very qualities have helped to make the state unknown. But it cannot be held that the prospect of such a life is impossibly repelling. The lot of most men is one of human service. I dare say that most men in America, too, lead a rather plain existence of day-to-day work and find contentment in the small joys of life without feeling too much the absence of glamor and honor. Most men settle down to family life and spend few days indeed in the spotlight. Moreover, there is no man living worth his salt who

does not have some sacrifices to make and is happy for all that. They are few, thank God, who sleep uneasy on their pillows until they have amassed wealth, found fortune, attained an easy life. What, then, is to prevent a man from taking up the sacrificial life of the brother?

In the priesthood and in the brotherhood there is a place to be filled by men of ordinary capabilities. Genius is rare. Genius coupled with deep love of God more so. Still, that cannot lead one to conclude that there is no place for exceptional men in the brotherhood. There most certainly is. There is a demand for such men. I have known many a brother of far greater intelligence, acumen, and ability than numbers of clerics. In reference to such brothers I have heard the remark, "What a pity they are not priests." I would say, "What a pity that there are not more such brothers."

Men of competence can do and are doing a tremendous service for God in the lay brotherhood, but a hundred times more such men could do a hundred times more for God. In any case, men of mediocre as well as men of superior endowments can accomplish great good for the Church in the sanctification of manual work, the crafts, the trades, the professions, by consecrating them to God in the Holy Vows. Their work alone would be of inestimable value; their sacrificial work even more beyond measure for the spiritual good of men, if only by virtue of good example.

His Heart Is On Calvary

The brother has left the world, but this business of "leaving the world" confuses as well as edifies. The term is a broad one, for no Christian can be a follower of Christ and a full-time devotee of pleasure, since he must control the lusts of head and heart and thus, in a sense, "leave the world." This the brother does, but in a more complete, definite, and final manner. Not satisfied with the moderation in pleasure expected of every good Catholic, he goes further and joins Christ on the Cross as an extremist with Him. If a man be willing to do that, I do not see how one can say that fleeing the world means living a life of peace and seclusion away from the din and clamor of the market-place.

The truth is that most men are not willing to surrender pleasure so completely and with the refusal to make the surrender must accept together with pleasure all the limitations that accompany it in this world. Hence, tasting the honey and also the gall, they would belittle those who gave the honey to God and so never tasted the gall. A brother dedicates himself to another kind of pleasure and tastes another kind of gall. And because Christ is not outdone in love He makes even the gall taste sweet.

The result is the radiant happiness that leads people of no

spiritual vision to believe that the contentment thus clearly written on the brother's face must come from living apart from this world in a kind of spiritual hot-house. They see the prize and mistake the price, not knowing that the brother's heart is on Calvary. The cross the brother embraces is, naturally, his consecrated work. And the nails that fix him to it are the three Holy Vows. He pronounces his Vows with a number of others of one mind with him and he shares with them the joys and sorrows of service. Together with them he builds a nearly perfect city here below, with its foundation on the rock of Calvary.

Their Shortage Cripples the Missionary

It is hardly necessary to go into the need for brothers. I know there is a need in the States, not only in teaching and in hospital work, but in every type of activity that religious orders take up. Here in the missions, the need can be said to be even greater. Most priests, sad to say, are not supermen. Still, it is becoming painfully more clear from day to day, that unless one be a superman, he will not be all that a missionary has to be. It is not enough that to prepare for the ministry one has spent a dozen or more years in patient pursuit of the classics and the sciences of philosophy and theology, with a generous sprinkling of other matters. One must have become, by what grace I know not, a fairly good carpenter, an electrician, a sort of doctor, a bookkeeper, something of a sailor, a bit of a diesel engineer, an automotive mechanic, a horseman, a linguist, a gardener, a teacher, and, perhaps, a plumber. If you can fly and service a plane, you are that much better off.

Ah me, would that the old days were here when we had plenty of brothers! Europe supplied most of them and the war killed nearly all. Europe supplies no more. What feats those men accomplished! What a mission they made of this, though their works be but a memory now. And left the Fathers so much more free to do priestly work properly.

Today it is otherwise. The Father must do the best that he can and make the most of what he has, be it much or little. Many of the priests took "practical courses" during or after the seminary years and are able to do that much more. But taking practical courses is not the remedy. They may be very handy, laudable in themselves, and perhaps necessary for the time being, but as a matter of policy, short-sighted.

The remedy is more brothers; brothers to man the ships, manage the plantations, build the mission stations, service machinery, direct schools, work with the sick, teach the natives arts and crafts and trades, maintain the shops. And let the priests teach the word of God and minis-

ter the Sacraments. That will will be more than enough for them, for it entails the study of native languages, culture; the translation of prayers, hymns, Scripture; the development of methods of approach and technique in presenting the Faith with a sympathetic understanding based on a thorough knowledge of the intricacies of the pagan mind—to mention a few points. With the lack of brothers, too, we have had to hire large numbers of men. Hired men are all well and good, but they are not brothers. A brother is a man of God. A hired man need not be.

They Command Our Respect

When will the day dawn that will see us with a huge staff of brothers—well-trained and able craftsmen, professionals, experts? And when will the United States see such an army of men devoted to countless works? The day will come when the lay brotherhood returns to the glory it had of yore. And come it can. America not so many years ago did not have a spark of enthusiasm for the missions. Today the country is mission-minded to a very encouraging extent. Why cannot the same change in the popular mind be made with respect to the life of the brothers? Today the lay brotherhood is under a cloud. What is to prevent it coming into the sun? Judicious and relentless propaganda can change the scene. Well-informed priests and sisters can do it. Parents with deep Faith and respect for the religious life can do it. Youth with its idealism can do it. Prayer can do it. You can do something, too.

I take off my hat to the brothers. There are not many of them, God knows, but what there are, are the real thing. How they had the perspicacity to see through the fog that presently surrounds their state I do not know; but this I do know, that there is hardly one among them who does not thank God for a special providence in his regard. The brothers are doing a grand work for the Church. I pray that their few numbers may be but the vanguard of battalions to come marching after them.

His Last Pastoral Letter

"We must become a beacon. Let us work with all our strength and by our whole conduct for the kingdom of Jesus Christ, a world of justice and mercy. On the path to it we will remember Tertullian's words: 'The accusations of certain accusers are honors bestowed upon us.' Whatever we have done was for the sake of the freedom of our Church, for the protection of our suffering people and peace for our youth. Thus it was serving spiritual, higher interests and not what may possibly be imputed to us."—Cardinal Mindszenty.

Of Clergymice And Clergymen

John Sinnott Martin

Pastors vs. Curates

A BRILLIANT priest (whose name had better not be named, since he has recently been named Monsignor) once defined an assistant as "a mouse learning to become a rat." He was a pastor at the time and his description was in good humor and devoid of even hidden malice. He was a fine assistant before; nothing rodent, large or small, about him. He is now—well, as I said—

History tells us that at one period the clergy in France were divided into high and low, the *haut* and the *bas clerge*. This division was purely social and political, and hence superficial. On a more enduring psychological basis, we find the clergy, in any time and clime, divided in the same way, but with a slight change of spelling. The modern form is not *haut* and *bas*, but *whoa!* and *bah!*

The Whoas are the ultra-conservatives, extreme rightists. They are all for conserving things: food electricity, wages, space, candles, vestments, assistants, help, service, books, chalk, wine (altar), women (household-help and sisters) and song (choir expenses). Usually they got that way from trying to make ends meet or pay off a debt or accumulate a much-needed building fund in some small or run-down parish where you had to figure on how to buy a gallon of paint and a brush to improve the looks and conserve the life of the rectory-fence. Those who never had it to do criticize them that had to do it. In after years, the habit was too fixed to alter. So, even necessaries are often sacrificed by what is now an unreasonable but irremediable psychic urge. Sed consolamini! The effort and anxiety usually shorten their days. In any case, the next pastor will probably dissipate in one year all that the Whoa was able to save in ten. This is often due to the urgent need of long-overdue and underdone repairs.

The Whoa is almost always an extreme rightist. Not only is he right a reasonable percentage of the time: he is entirely and extremely right all the time. Canon Law and other important dignitaries may not agree with him; so they are wrong. Any ideas emanating from curates or other pastors, especially neighboring ones, are wrong *a priori*. This is due to a mental condition now known among the Bah clergy as "invincible omniscience." There is no known cure short of celestial enlightenment.

Father Martin has recently been appointed editor of The Baltimore Catholic Review.

Your Whoa is usually a good priest in every other respect save that of the unconscious pride. He can and does say whoa! to every suggestion or change or alteration. He rejects the possibility of progress and the necessity of adaptation to changing conditions. The faithful must remain as unchanging as the Faith, the curates as constant as the Creed. To every new custom, idea, discovery, organization, his voice rings like an Apocalyptic angel crying above the diocese Whoa, whoa, whoa!

The Bahs are the ne-plus-ultra progressives; extreme leftists. They are all-out for anything new that pops up from Kalamazoo to Karachi, either way. The thing needn't be really new—just new to them. It may be something that has been tried before in the parish and found unfeasible. So what? Adverse conditions, lack of funds, episcopal disfavor, pastoral misgivings, possible scandal or occasion of sin? Bah! Such considerations are a drag on the progress of the Church, a barrier to the salvation of souls, a damper to sacerdotal zeal, the disguise of jealous tyranny, the defense of *laissez-faire,* the anxiety of senility, Bah, bah, bah!

Not always but often, the Bah is an extreme leftist. He mistakes for a new and bright program a lot of things left from the experience of his elders. He feels that the way to help people is to let them help themselves to anything they can get handed them on a properly plated and engraved platter. He disparages the attempts of the past. Experience with social and athletic programs, instruction classes, altar boys, ushers, choirs, dramatic societies, dances, card parties, bingoes and other religious exercises he relegates to the limbo of old age and inefficiency. Bah to advice, to caution, to doubt, to authoritative disapproval or veto. The last he is likely to obey, with a vocal or at least an interior bah!

Supreme Conceit of Youth

Now the Bah, too, is usually a good priest in every other respect but his supreme conceit. Sometimes he may be a clerical climber; but mostly he is just a very zealous priest, willing to try anything and work his head off at it, if only it will help towards the salvation of souls. He doesn't know the past; he will make the future. He sees the need of the present and at times becomes unbalanced by feverish attempts to meet it. As a rule, Father Time will call in Doctor Experience to do a little curetting on Bah's cocksureness. The Bah need not wait for judgment till Judgment Day.

Both Whoas and Bahs have their place in the personnel of the clergy. The Whoas are inclined to be old-womanish; the Bahs lack balance. Each serves as a check on the other, producing something like a coalescence

of extremes into a virtuous Center. Both are far off-center, but together they about cancel each other out. The chemical action involved often generates heat and occasional explosions that reverberate through the parish and are heard—and eventually suppressed—at the Chancery Office.

Senile vs. Infantile

Generally the Whoas are pastors and senile, the Bahs curates and infantile. But there are many exceptions in both directions, just as there are thin curates and stout curates, overcautious and diffident assistants and adolescent, too superannuated administrators. How could any diocese get along without them? Clerical life would be drab, indeed, with nothing to talk about and never a change in appointments except in case of death. Let the rats gnaw and the mice nibble. Both will make holes that get somewhere. And God, Who called them both, will reward both for what both were conscientiously trying to accomplish.

Nolite admirare! Keep your cassock on! Whole Whoas are few; belligerent Bahs ditto. Very few priests strike the exact center between the extremes of right and left, but a lot of them come close and the vast majority of them aim at it with some degree of success. All most of us need to do is to use *errare humanum* for others as well as for ourselves. Have we survived the seminary without the ability to consider the good in both the old and new? Have we forgotten the limitations on infallibility that apply even to the Vicar of Christ? The young priest, Whoa or Bah, has some excuse in lack of experience; the older priest can usually remember the frustrations of his own curatial career and extend to his assistants an understanding that was not always extended to him.

In any case, there's always work to do. Maybe we can't finance a foot-, basket-, base-, or even a handball team. Maybe someone yells Whoa. But the answer isn't Bah!; the answer is What? Faced with the ultimate in stymies, we can always chip over the obstacle with prayer and personal holiness. Of course, it's the hard way; but the few who have courage and stamina enough to take it tell us that it pays off better than the biggest of Bahs. And the same for any Whoa that finds himself baffled to bedlam with a barrage of Bahs. When there's nothing else to gnaw at—and things are seldom that bad—you've always that last hole to nibble into heaven. Whatever kind of priests we are here *a bas*, we all hope to wind up *en haut*. Whoa or Bah, amen!

When a clergyman is invisible to his people six days out of the week, he is incomprehensible the seventh.

Portrait of A Parish Priest

"He waddled his way into heaven. . ."

Mr. Joseph A. Breig

HE was squat; he was round; he was partly bald. I will invent a name for him: Father Kenyon. He was paunchy; he was red-faced; he was short of breath. At the slightest exertion, he turned an alarming purple, and the sweat rolled down his neck to wilt his collar. His eyes were bulgy, his nose bulbous, his cheeks flaccid. His ears stood out from his head, and his hair—what there was of it—was unkempt and stringy. His hands perspired, his head perspired, he perspired all over. The chief impression he gave was of an immense moistness. He was a thoroughly unlovely object, and everybody loved him; because he was a saint.

Oh, not a canonized saint. He will never be canonized. His laughter would rock the ageless walls of St. Peter's at the very suggestion. He was a saint nevertheless. Everybody says so; and in other days it was sufficient for everybody to say so. He wore no hair shirt. No chains dug into his fat flesh. He ate what he needed and seemed to enjoy it. There is no record that he knelt awake in the dark, pummelling heaven with prayer. But he suffered. Father Kenyon suffered in ways that could not but help him on the short and swift path to humility which after all is the foundation of all holiness. Everybody loved him, and everybody laughted at him. They laughed affectionately, but they laughed; and that was one of the ways in which he suffered.

It would never have occurred to his friends that Father Kenyon had brains. He had lots of brains, but they were well disguised. He had brains but no dignity and no self-esteem. Who would attribute brains to a man so round and fat and moist and panting? And he was always making fun of himself. He made funny noises. He had a curious way of hemming or hawing or humphing, or whatever it was that he did. Whatever it was, it had the effect of making everybody he met feel superior to him. And from feeling superior, they came first to like, then to love, and finally to laugh at him affectionately. He was the kind of man you felt like patting on the head. Instead, you threw your arm around his shoulder and felt superior because you were taller and more slender and however unprepossessing, less homely than he. You patronized a man like Father Ken-

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Mr. Breig is on the staff of the Cleveland Universe-Bulletin.

yon; and there is probably no quicker route to humility than that of being everlastingly patronized.

What hopes and ambitions may have lurked in Father Kenyon's heart, no one knows but God. But there was one ambition he couldn't conceal. It was hardly an ambition; it was a hopeless hope. He wanted to be a great orator like Fulton Sheen. Or if not a great orator, then at least a fine preacher. Not that he wanted to set folks by the ears. Not that he wanted to be admired and lionized. But he was aflame with love for Christ and for the Mystical Body of Christ and for poor bumbling, stumbling, down-at-heels sinners, and he wanted to inspire people. He wanted to communicate his flame to them. He wanted to set them afire with burning words. He would sit and think and make notes and mop his brow and cudgel his brains until he thought he had something pretty good. Then he would hint to the pastor that he'd like to take the sermons at the Masses some Sunday.

They did it that way in the parish where Father Kenyon had been assistant for more than twenty years; where it began to seem that he'd be an assistant forever because somehow the bishop never seemed to remember him when the pastorates were being handed around. One priest delivered all the sermons on a given Sunday. The pastor and the assistants took turns; only almost always it happened that the pastor had another assignment for Father Kenyon when his number was up. You can't blame the pastor; Father Kenyon was the world's worst speaker. The moment he hit the pulpit, his throat closed and his tongue congealed. His memory fled, and he stood muttering and mumbling. And he repeated himself endlessly. He couldn't start, but when he did get started, he couldn't stop. And the people sat squirming in the pews and wondered whether the torture would ever end.

His Easter Sermon

Once, Father Kenyon achieved the impossible. Somehow he contrived that he—he himself! —was to deliver the sermons on, of all days, Easter Sunday. The day of days in the Church; and indeed the day of days in Blessed Sacrament where he was assistant. Blessed Sacrament was no ordinary parish. The church was overpowering in its majesty. It was almost as long as a football gridiron, and the arches towered magnificently heavenward. Merely to walk into the edifice was to be stricken dumb with reverence and to feel oneself growing very, very small. And on Easter Sunday you knew that it was Resurrection Day. The tremendous sanctuary was alive with priests and altar boys, and the music of the choir filled the corridors and echoed along the arches like the voices of angels

and the praises of prophets . . .

The Gospel ended. The celebrant and his assistants and the congregation seated themselves. There in the pulpit was Father Kenyon, red-faced, perspiring, inspired. This was the great moment of his life; and he was ready for it. All through Lent he had prepared. He had walked through the bitter days with his Master. In the Garden of Gethsemane he had not slept, but watched. He had writhed in his heart under the scourging. He had felt in his temples the thorns. He had bowed under the cross, and hung upon it. He had died with Christ; and this morning had risen with Him. His soul was one great paean of joy and triumph. He must communicate the song to his people. Father Kenyon harumphed to test the loud-speaker. He opened his mouth, and out came a croak.

His body was one great pool of perspiration. He could feel it trickling down his brow and tickling his armpits. He cleared his throat and tried again. Another croak. And another. He gave up. He began to speak as he spoke to his friends when they dropped into his room; softly, swiftly, running the words together, interrupting the toneless flow now and then with that curious hem or haw of his. He knew the congregation was not listening. They couldn't; his voice was too weak for the loud-speakers. Still, there was nothing he could do but go on. He went on; and on and on. And at last he came to his climax, and for a moment he felt a rush of confidence. His voice rose and rang: " . . . and when Christ said to his disciples, Go and make disciples of all men, baptizing them in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost . . . " His voice dropped again, and he went laboriously and doggedly on. He had forgotten that all sermons end with the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

It Wouldn't End

But what he ought to have foreseen was happening. The congregation was rising. Everybody was rising. Father Kenyon cast a swift glance toward the sanctuary. The celebrant, the deacon, the subdeacon, the master of ceremonies and all the altar boys were advancing toward the altar. And Father Kenyon was still speaking; and he couldn't stop. He couldn't think how to stop. His sermon wouldn't end. His tongue seemed to have taken leave of his will. He heard himself talking and talking, saw the celebrant and deacon and subdeacon and all the others returning helter-skelter to their chairs, became aware that the congregation was seating itself again in broken waves like a subsiding angry sea. Father Kenyon could almost hear everybody in the parish laughing at him. He suffered in advance the jibes of the other assistants. And still he could

not stop; although at last—at long last—he did. And of course he could not possibly know that everybody loved him for what he had done, because he had given to the parish a tradition and a legend, and had provided a saga which for many years to come would unite men in good-humored merriment.

Without Father Kenyon, nobody in Blessed Sacrament would have known what to talk about. There was nothing the people and the priests liked better than to retell the story of the time he was summoned to the pastor's desk to receive the strange assignment: "Father, this woman just telephoned and said she is locked in her bedroom, and her husband is raving drunk, and he is waiting outside with a knife and a rope, and he says he is going to tie her up and carve her into steaks. Better go over there and see what you can do. But call the police first." Father Kenyon nodded absent-mindedly, walked out to his car, and drove away. An hour later he returned, waddled to the pastor's desk, handed over a butcher knife and a length of rope, and went to his room without a word. Nobody was ever able to get him to discuss the matter. But the police said they had never been summoned.

His Hundreds Of Converts

What set other priests to biting their nails over Father Kenyon was the number of his converts. He had dozens, he had hundreds. They came from every part of the city and every class of citizen. There were intellectuals and tramps, rich men and poor, society women and struggling mothers of big families. And they all vowed that Father Kenyon was out of this world; which is precisely what he was. Father Kenyon trusted God. He always said that all he could do was to lay the catechism on the line; it was up to the Holy Spirit to give the Faith.

His explanation of the Blessed Trinity was plain wonderful. He would take a clover and go through the usual rigamaroles about one stem, three leaves. "Do you see it now?" he would ask. The prospective convert would nod eagerly. "No you don't," replied Father Kenyon, tearing the clover to bits and dropping it into the wastebasket. "That's not the way it is at all. And you'll never know how it is, because it's a mystery. You've got to accept it that way—without understanding. God says so; that's enough for you."

And when people were teetertottering on the edge of Baptism, but raising this objection and that endlessly, Father Kenyon would harumph and hem and haw and pooh-pooh their fussy difficulties. "Nonsense," he would say. "Come over to the church and let me baptize you. You believe; you just hate to take an irrevocable step. The minute you're baptized, you'll forget all this nonsense." And

they did. Invariably they did. And they went around the city calling Father Kenyon blessed, and laughing affectionately at him. They were right on both counts.

Father Kenyon at the wheel of an automobile was the despair of the community. When he started, it was as if he'd been shot out of a gun. When he stopped, it was as if he had hit a brick wall. He thought that if he put his arm out the window, he could do as he pleased. Let the other drivers beware, seemed to be his motto. The fact was that he drove with his mind on other matters. He didn't know whether he was going ten miles an hour or seventy. He never realized he was coming to a stop street until the nose of his car was into the intersection. He was hardly ever known to see a stop light. And he never had an accident. Learned theologians held that because of his innocence he was provided with a special escort of guardian angels. But they decreed that anybody riding with him was risking life and limb, because nobody but Father Kenyon was invincibly ignorant of the hazards of traffic.

Father Kenyon was intimate with the theatrical greats from coast to coast. No Shakespearean actor, no prima donna, no toast of Broadway or Hollywood ever passed through the city without Father Kenyon because they felt comfortable with him. They liked him as they liked their old bedroom slippers. Yes, he was a priest, he was a consecrated man of God, he was one who stood at the altar and performed the Mysteries; but he was a good Joe. The theatrical people would always try to talk about religion, because religion was a fascinating speculation to them; but Father Kenyon would wave his pudgy hand and insist that he hadn't come to talk business. If they wanted to discuss religion, they'd have to come to his office. And many of them did; and with some of them, it took.

The Price Of Holiness

No, Father Kenyon wore no hair shirt. But he paid for his converts. He paid the humiliation of always being joked about, always being patronized, never being praised. And he paid in the high blood pressure which made his face like a furnace. And he paid in other coin too. There came a time when his friends began to realize. This was when he finally consented to the operation which cost his life in the end. It was a simple operation to block a nerve which for years had been driving him almost out of his mind with neuralgia. Nobody knew about it until the operation failed.

Whatever it was that happened, the result was that the roof of Father Kenyon's mouth started to rot. You wouldn't have known it to talk with him. He'd meet you for lunch or dinner and mumble on as long as you'd listen, telling his little stories

about the theater, repeating the old axioms about what made a good play. He was always on tap for anybody who wanted him, whether it be a curious visitor wondering what the Catholic Church was all about, or an idol of Broadway wanting to spend an entertaining evening. Father Kenyon went on being what he was: a friend. A waddling, perspiring, hemming and hawing and very moist friend; but a good friend. And finally they took him away to the hospital, and after much more suffering than one likes to think about, he died.

The thing is, Father Kenyon was a priest. And he knew what a priest is: an instrument of Christ; a man in whom, so to speak, Christ again is incarnated. He knew that Christ is everything, and the priest nothing. That's how he mumbled and hawed and waddled his way into heaven, leading the way for a lot of others who never stopped laughing at him until he was dead, when all of a sudden they started weeping. They still get tears in their eyes when they think of him, even though they still laugh over their stories about him. That's Father Kenyon; and the only fiction in the story is one syllable of his name.

"A Female Figure with a Child"

Apropos a proposed new baldachino over the Communion Table of St. Paul's Cathedral, a chilly legal authority writing to **The Times** quoted Halsbury's **Laws of England**: "A holy-water stoup is an illegal ornament. So is a baldachino."

This recalls Mr. Belloc's Ballade of Illegal Ornaments, inspired by a Bishop who ordered a clergyman to remove the statue of "a female figure with a child." The envoi is of particular splendour:

"Prince Jesus, in mine agony,
Permit me, broken and defiled,
Through blurred and glazing eyes to see
A Female Figure with a Child."

A subsequent **Times** letter on the same topic referred with equal chilliness to "the vast nothingness of St. Peter's, Rome" which seemed a rather unfortunate phrase, considering the vast crowds pertaining. Unless vast crowds are undesirable, likewise? —**The Universe, London.**

Too Many People On Government Pay Rolls

In the last 20 years Government employes have increased from 600,000 to 2,400,000. George Washington had one Federal office holder for every 4,000 persons, while President Truman has one for every seven persons.—T. F. Cookley.

The Spirit Of Mortification

"If anyone wishes to come after me . . ."

T. C. Siekmann

MORTIFICATION must be a characteristic of the Christian life. A reading of the Gospels convinces us of that. To follow Christ is not to bask in a metaphorical sunshine caressed by the sweet breezes of do-as-you-please, hoping to be saved somehow.

In the Middle Ages the Christian people, whatever their limitations, did realize the need for mortification. In those days Christian life, while relieved by many a pleasantry, was fundamentally a hard thing.

Then Protestantism came along and laughed at the idea of mortification. Why do penance? You can't help sinning anway. And if you do sin, what of it? Christ saved us. Believe in Christ.

It is true that if we believe in Christ we will be saved. But we have to live according to our belief in Christ. The only kind of Christ we know is the Christ of the Gospels, the Christ who taught a hard doctrine about taking up our cross daily and following Him. This Protestant notion of belief in Christ is a queer thing. It is a half-truth if ever there was one. True belief in the true Christ necessitates an imitation of this Christ who said so very definitely, "If anyone wishes to come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily, and follow me" (Luke 9:23). And that imitation means for us mortification. It is a sterile belief that refuses to do what one believes ought to be done. It is surprising though how Protestant we Catholics can be when it comes to mortification.

Mortification is necessary for all Christians—necessary in a special way for priests, who are certainly expected to be most like Christ in their lives.

Mortification by Law

Catholic priests do perform a lot of mortification. Whether they get a lot of merit for it is another question. But it is a fact that the legislation of the Church imposes a great burden of mortification on the priest.

Consider first, celibacy. It is no small thing to abstain from sex relations, judging from the quite general practice of indulging in them by even the single. In addition, all the safeguards set up by the Church to protect clerical chastity are in themselves no small burden.

Then there is the prescription of clerical garb, a painful regulation, especially in hot weather. While we readily admit the wisdom of being recognized for what we may be, there is no doubt that this wisdom can at times be small consolation.

Father Siekmann is a priest of the Diocese of Belleville.

Then there is the law of residence, which keeps us home when we would rove about.

The Eucharistic fast before Mass, especially before late Mass in hot weather, is undeniably a difficult thing.

The Divine Office, beautiful in purpose, in content, and in form, can be at times a very definite cause of painful uneasiness.

The system of auricular confession is appropriately named the Sacrament of Penance for more reasons than one, when you consider the long painful sessions it entails. It seems that the penitent gets the sacrament and the priest gets the penance.

The ordinary priest's life is not exactly a bed of roses. It is not without its good share of enforced mortification. But we must distinguish between mortification freely borne and mortification merely tolerated. Worldly people in general suffer quite a lot; and yet we would not call this suffering mortification in any spiritual sense. So, too, we priests might suffer intensely and still not be really mortified.

Corde Magno—Animo Volenti!

It's all in the intention, in the attitude we take.

My purpose here is not so much to encourage the undertaking of heroic penances—though that is praiseworthy—but rather to suggest that we bear in a truly Christian spirit what we are already forced to bear under pain of sin or penalty.

To be truly Christlike we should accept willingly the difficult things that face us day by day.

If we are priests, we are leaders of God's people. We cannot very well lead people in the Christian spirit if we do not have it ourselves. Apart from the incongruity of being an unmortified priest, we cannot do effective work for souls unless we ourselves have the true Christian spirit, which is one of mortification.

Do we wonder that there is such widespread sex laxity among our young people? Are we perplexed at the ravages of birth control even in Catholic circles? Do we deplore the well-known excess in drink? Are we disturbed by a general spirit of do-as-you-please, take the easy way out? Surely the spirit of the world is not a spirit of mortification. Rather just the opposite.

And yet mortification and its legitimate child, control, would be a true remedy to all these ills of society. We know that. But are we priests teaching our people the traditional Christianity, conspicuous for its mortification? Or are we ourselves exhibiting an example of watered-down Christianity? It is hard to urge others to do difficult things when we ourselves are unmistakeably averse to difficult things.

Leading the Way

A spirit of mortification will prevent much sin. We priests must lead the way. We must show the people by example that

we have caught the true Christian spirit, the spirit that accepts sacrifice and pain and mortification because it draws us to God and away from sin.

God forbid that we should violate our solemn vow of clerical celibacy. But let us go further and show a prudent reserve in dealing with girls and women. We should be severely chaste, so as to forestall even a faint suspicion of dual affections. The people don't expect us to be morose hermits, but they also do not expect us to appear as every girl's boy-friend. Even an innocent over-friendliness with girls seems to lay-people to be an implicit approval of the easier way of looking at boy-girl relations. And there is a species of logic to their reasoning: If a vowed celibate can be rather free, why can't I be a little careless?

And with clerical garb, a nervous readiness to shed clerical garb as if it were an intolerable hair-shirt makes people wonder. Again they reason, that if a priest must be so comfortable, why can't I?—and they appear in public scantily and scandalously attired.

Now I don't mean that they reason this out systematically. But they catch the spirit of non-mortification so easily, and never think to mortify themselves when their priest-leaders do not. People don't naturally incline to mortification. Somebody has to urge them on. The clergy should be the good example, the guiding torch in this world of spiritual darkness.

The law of residence is not badly violated in matters of moment, but there is a lot of needless running about, prompted not by zeal but by the desire to rove. We expect home-life among lay people. But we don't like the idea so much ourselves.

We do bear the Eucharistic fast heroically. This is absolute, and we take it as such. And so do the lay people.

The Office is said, but often not too devoutly. A position less relaxed, or a place better chosen might aid our devotion. We ought, after authentic precedent such as that of the Cure of Ars, say our Office where we could be seen by the people. It may be less comfortable, but it will be a wholesome example to the people to remind them to pray always and not grow weary. People must wonder when they never see their priests pray.

An Habitual Good Influence

Hearing confessions is trying even under normal conditions, But when the weather is severely hot and humid, the torture is all the more acute. To be kind and understanding and patient under such circumstances will subtly win the people to the idea of mortification. People are influenced subtly. The mortified priest will be an habitual influence for good.

The world needs mortification. It needs it badly. The world is not Christian because it does not

follow the doctrine of Christ's Cross. Who will teach this doctrine of control if not the Christ-appointed leaders of the people, His priests?

If we priests submit to our enforced mortifications with a spirit of real Christian mortification, the people with their uncanny intuition will grasp the lesson for themselves. Taught to be self-controlled, they will live better lives, Christian lives.

Christ was mortified. So must the Christian be. Especially the priest.

Apply to Cardinal Mindszenty

The sickness of the church and of society is too acute for therapy by braces and poultices. A churchmanship adequate for the times must be venturesome and radical, not in any secular sense but in the apostolic sense. Men who go forth from God need bow no knee save to Him Who sends them; because He is the Lord of history, their judgment on social institutions and practices can be searching and devastating rather than tentative and timorous. Under God every social system has its day and ceases to be, until His own will shall be done at last on earth as in heaven. Heralds of His kingdom are not simply apologists for some secular "ism" or mere mechanics tinkering with the church or with society. They are, in Emerson's words, guides, redeemers, . . . obeying the Almighty effort and advancing on Chaos and the Dark." They are craftsmen etching a true memorial to the noblest hopes of twenty centuries; and because in the economy of God no struggle for righteousness is ever lost, their work shall shine as the stars forever.—Liston Pope of Yale University Divinity School.

"Let Dogs Delight"

The second centenary of the death of Isaac Watts, English Protestant hymn-writer, has recently been observed throughout the English-speaking world. In connection with this, the London **Universe** observes:

"A point about Dr. Watts' children's hymn, 'Let dogs delight to bark and bite,' might also have been noticed. It begins comically, but at the third verse it merges into the tenderest Catholic devotion:

Let love thro' all your actions run,
And all your words be mild;
Live like the Blessed Virgin's Son,
That sweet and lovely Child.

"How many of Dr. Watts' sect would express themselves thus today?"

The Two-Man Setup

An essay on table-talk

Eugene Sephton

A TWO-MAN rectory has its advantages, I suppose, but it also has its peculiar difficulties. Not the least of these is the simple problem of conversation. It may never have occurred to you and probably won't bother you very much, now that it's brought to your attention, but just how long do you think two men, who see each other almost every day and share several meals with each other each day, can avoid those ominous silences that give a friendly dinner the atmosphere of a condemned man's last meal?

To be specific, this noon my pastor and I talked about Fulton Sheen. That subject has possibilities and we explored all of them. We wondered to each other just what makes him an outstanding preacher, whether it is his delivery or his content that chiefly sets him apart. We questioned whether there aren't other men who, given the opportunity, would outshine him; and then we considered that other men have had equal opportunity but for some reason didn't catch on. The pastor said he had heard certain members of the hierarchy give talks which he thought as good as any of Sheen's. And I replied that they had the advantage of authority which lends weight to everything they say. And so on. And so on.

That seems to you like a plenty for a noon-meal conversation, I suppose, but we disposed of it in ten minutes. In fact, after handling several other topics, we were staggering around with the weather when the meal ended. The reason is found in the fact that we have discussed Monsignor Sheen (and the other topis) before. I don't have the precise dates, but the topic of Sheen probably came up about November 19, 1946, again on December 28, 1947, and for this third time, on February 16, 1948. Quite possibly it was used in between those occasions, too. And you may be sure that on each occasion the conversation took just about the same form. I think that the next time it comes up I'll ask the pastor to take my part and I'll take his. We, of course, know each other's lines verbatim by now, and it would be a nice change.

The speed with which we disposed of today's subject is accounted for by our familiarity with the dialogue. We no longer put on a really good performance. We hurry through our lines in a perfunctory manner and don't get the proper inflection into them. Occasionally,

I answer one of his questions before he asks it, although I do my best to avoid such an occurrence. I realize that it isn't quite fair to him since it deprives him of a line. Furthermore it casts an air of unreality over our conversation which makes us both uncomfortable. It sounds too much like one of those conversations Alice had with the characters on the other side of the Looking Glass. When we do blunder into a situation like that, the only thing that clears the atmosphere is a sudden catastrophe, like the housekeeper's dropping of a bowl of soup on the floor. We cannot, of course, count on relief of that sort, although I must say that our housekeeper is about as dependable in that department as one could reasonably expect.

That Incident In Elixirville

Besides distracting us completely, such an incident will give us a brand new subject for future conversations. It does, of course, have its disadvantages. Before the mess is cleared away, His Reverence will be telling me about the time his pastor in Elixirville reached across the table for an olive and knocked a bowl of soup into the Bishop's lap. And I will half-listen, impatient to be telling him about the time a piece of plaster fell in the pastor's soup dish when I was in North Elton. (If the house-keeper fell on top of the soup and we are therefore more than ordinarily relieved and elated, *I* may tell *him* about Elixirville and *he* may tell *me* about North Elton.) With an agility that you will not understand if you have never been a party to a marathon conversation, the pastor will then make a short jump to the subject of his trip to the Sugar Bowl game. Not to be outdone, I will remark that I never did go for sweets after a meal, that a cup of coffee is good enough for me.

He will blink a little bit at that but come back gamely. Eyeing the sugar bowl he will purse his lips shrewdly and think out loud: "Say, do you know when they first started putting out sugar in lumps," and then, like Clarence Darrow destroying the prosecution with one last deep-driven shaft, he will add with a snap, "and why?" By this time the exhilaration of the housekeeper's acrobatics will have begun to wear off and I will come back with a very reasonable but completely unproductive, "I haven't the slightest idea." That will leave us sitting there in silence and waiting for the good woman to drop another bowl of soup, something, unfortunately, she never does twice in one meal.

Analogous to Marriage

I am firmly convinced that only two people who have fallen wildly in love with each other and have, in consequence, married, should be forced to have two or three meals a day together, five or six or seven days a week, for any great length of time. Even married people, I understand, have their doubts

about the arrangement, but they, at least, asked for it. Furthermore, Providence generally sees to it that their relationship is varied by a third presence after the first year of married life. (And it is well known that early divorces come almost exclusively to childless couples.) The children remove the strain, first by providing a new and very interesting topic, then by offering a loud distraction from any monotony that might tend to settle over the household, and finally, when they can talk, by taking over the conversation almost entirely. In a two-man rectory, alas, that does not happen.

In a larger rectory, with two or, still better, three curates, the burden of carrying the conversational ball is divided. In such a place a man, on one of his off-days, can get away with just sitting there and listening. In a two-man place, if you try just sitting there and listening, there's nothing to listen to except the swallowing of food. A great and terrible silence falls over the dining-room. This can get so bad that eventually, in wild and unreasoning desperation, you may blurt out, "Say, Joe Smith is looking well, isn't he?" The pastor probably doesn't know Joe Smith. As a matter of fact, you probably don't know him either. But under such duress men have been known to create whole families, and even offer to give the pastor their address, so he can drop in on them if he even happens to be driving through Johannesburg.

The Test of A Gentleman

If your pastor is a real gentleman, he will clear his throat, take a firm grip on the arms of his chair, and say: "Joe Smith—ah—yes. Connected somehow with Monsignor Fitzgerald's family, isn't he?" And then, for five or ten minutes you will seriously discuss someone who doesn't exist.

But if he is a mean man, he will look you straight in the eye and ask gruffly, "Who's Joe Smith?"

You will feel like shouting, "How the heck do I know who he is? And what difference does it make?" Your courage and generosity in breaking the silence will seem to you to call at least for a little cooperation. This indicates, however, that, unless you know your man, sheer fabrication is risky business. It is far better, as a rule, to start describing, in great detail, the Notre Dame-Ohio game of 1936. (Don't worry about the date. Don't even worry about whether you've got the teams right. Just start talking.) If you feel uneasy about plunging abruptly into the subject of football without any conversational lead, just look out the nearest window (And try always to sit near a window; you never know when you'll need the weather.) and remark, "It's almost like football weather, isn't it?" After he agrees, you are all set to jump into the Notre Dame game. If it happens to be a sweltering day in July (or December), don't let that stop you. Simply remark,

with a whimsical smile, "Certainly not much of a day for football, is it?" Yes, it may sound just a bit odd to him, but remember, you're in no position to quibble. And neither is he.

If your pastor is a sedentary man, who sticks pretty close to the rectory, it will be especially difficult at table, for his contributions wil be limited largely to the people and events that come to the house; and in a small place these will be few. He may be verry willing but his willingness will not supply him with material, if his life does not. That puts a double burden on you. It may occur to you that, under the circumstances, you should be permitted to go away twice as much — just for material—but it will almost certainly not occur to him. You will just have to talk twice as long about the people and things you run into.

The Daily Report

Some days it will be comparatively easy. You will tell him about the people you have seen in the hospital. You will tell him who they are and what's wrong with them and what they said, if they said anything and, sometimes, even if they didn't say anything. You will tell him about dropping in on Mrs. Brown and finding an invalid marriage. You will tell him every move you made that morning or afternoon. At first, you may hold out, figuring that you have a right to some private activity. But after a while you will capitulate to the necessities of conversation. You will soon be telling him what Father So-and-so said to you last night and what the author you're reading now thinks about women. You'll tell him at some length that your car is getting sluggish and you think you'll get it simonized (no connection there). You'll tell him what your sister said to your nephew when he pulled down the curtains and everything else you can remember from your day off. But still it will not be enough. When things really get tough, I go over the current issue of THE PRIEST. That's usually good for a meal. Occasionally, however, I've been embarrassed, half-way through the meal, to find that the pastor had gotten hold of that particular copy when it came in the mail and had read it before I. That, of course, left me with Joe Smith.

There are times when nothing much has happened, when I haven't run into anybody interesting, and THE PRIEST hasn't come yet. On those occasions I go down to lunch in real panic. As I round the bend in the stairway my mind is fishing desperately for a topic. Even a good radio program I had heard the night before would help. But there is nothing. Fatalistically, I face the brutal fact. I haven't a single thought in my head. I walk into the dining room. I say Amen to his Grace. We sit down. There is a great clearing of throats and spreading of napkins and arranging of salt cel-

lers and sipping of water. We sit speechless through the soup. The main course is on our plates now and the silence is heavier than the mashed potatoes. The house-keeper returns to the kitchen, not to be seen again until the dessert, which seems days away.

If, at such times, I finally come out in a nervous, high-pitched voice with something completely outlandish, I don't think it should surprise anyone. On those occasions, however, I do thank heaven for one thing. My pastor *is* a gentleman. If I ever had a guy who asked me who Joe Smith was, I think I'd strangle him.

Wrong Number

A woman' phoned her bank to arrange for the disposal of a thousand-dollar bond.

"Is the bond for redemption or conversion?" a clerk asked.

There was a long pause. Then the woman asked:

"Am I talking to the First National Bank, or the First Baptist Church?"—**Coronet.**

Code and Cult

P. J. Lydon, S.T.D.

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Menlo Park, California

If a diocese is completely vacant, may the Administrator remove pastors and inflict penalties?

Yes, but he cannot appoint pastors until the diocese is vacant at least for a year (Canon 455, sec. 3). He can name parochial vicars, e.g. administrators, ordinary assistants, etc. (Canon 472-476). Of course, in the removal of parish priests he must observe the norms of law (Canon 2147 ff.). Likewise the procedure for inflicting penalties must be followed. In the Code the Administrator is called Vicar Capitular. The Consultors elect the Administrator by absolute majority vote. The Consultors take the place of the Cathedral Chapter, which does not exist in this country.

I heard that a priest, finding that there were not enough consecrated particles, went up to the altar and consecrated the new breads in the ciborium and then distributed Holy Communion. It seems to me that this is never allowed.

It is never allowed even in extreme cases to consecrate the breads alone, or the wine alone, or to consecrate both outside of Mass. It is most gravely forbidden. He begins a new sacrifice but does not finish it (Canon 817).

What do theologians mean by "direct" and "indirect" killing, sterilization, etc.?

It is direct when done as an *end* (hatred) or as a *means* to an end (to save a mother's life, to get a man's money, to prevent conception, etc.). Direct killing of the innocent is always sinful. Indirect killing is allowed under the principle of the double effect, e.g., excising a cancerous uterus containing an inviable fetus. Sterilization done directly is always sinful (Holy Office, Feb. 22, 1940). It is indirect when a gravely diseased organ is to be removed. It is then allowed.

Is an attempt at marriage by Catholics before the civil judge a reserved case?

Not by the common law of the Code. But in some dioceses it probably is by diocesan law. This would not be *contra* but *praeter Codicem*. Attempting marriage before a minister acting as such involves excommunication reserved to the local Ordinary. Many Bishops delegate all confessors to absolve from this censure. Also attempting marriage after a civil divorce from a valid marriage is punished by excummunication ipso-facto reserved to the Ordinary (III Council of Baltimore, n. 124).

Who is a "mandans" in matters of crime?

He is the chief cause who ordered the act done or paid the

agent to do the evil act in his name, e.g. abortion. He must make restitution absolutely, not conditionally, in matters of justice. His accomplices, of course, are guilty of sin. All necessary cooperators in a canonical delict incur the same penalty (Canon 2209, sec. 3). Cooperators are called necessary when the act would not have been committed otherwise. In theft, the present holder of the goods is bound, before all others, to surrender the property. If he does not, the chief cause *(mandans)* is obliged to restore.

Is it not inconvenient to install a burglar alarm in order to prevent desecration of the Blessed Sacrament? Some priests have such a device, but they forget to turn it on.

The Instruction of the S.C. of the Sacraments, May 26, 1938, recommended a burglar alarm as one of the ways of preventing desecration, although it is not a strict precept (Bouscaren, *Digest,* II, pp. 377-388). It is obligatory, however, to see that the tabernacle is strongly built, that the doors and windows of the church be equally well protected, and that the key of the tabernacle be kept in a very secure manner.

When desecration occurs, the Ordinary should hold a process to determine the pastor's guilt, and a report is to be sent to the S.C. of the Sacraments. On February 10, 1941 the S. Congregation reminded Bishops to see that this Instruction is observed. It is a matter for examination when there is a canonical visitation of the parish. Are the sacred vessels kept in a safe? Is the door of the sacristy kept securely locked during the day and night? In some places, anyone could enter the sacristy during the day or night and easily find the sacred vessels and the tabernacle key. This law on security binds *sub gravi.* In passing, why not have two tabernacle keys, in case one is lost or a visiting priest inadvertently takes it away on Sunday afternoon?

Some priest said lately that the Blessed Sacrament is to be kept generally on some side altar or in a special chapel, not on the main altar. Is this true?

No. It should regularly be kept in the tabernacle on the *main altar* of the church. But in Cathedral churches, in collegiate churches (Canons), or conventual churches in which choral services are held, it is fitting (not necessary) to keep the Blessed Sacrament on a side altar. This does not apply to ordinary parish churches (Canon 1268).

"When dark clouds of misunderstanding and prejudice obscure the fair image of our Church, we Catholics must often admit our guilt: mea culpa, mea maxima culpa."—Karl Adam.

N. O. D. L. Notes

Crusade in New Orleans

"What's funny about comic books?"

SOME can't understand why they are called "comics," since their emphasis is not on humor but on hair-raising action and often on crime. To the New Orleans civic committee on comic books they are not only unfunny, but mean long hours of hard work, according to a recent NC-News release.

To prepare themselves for their weekly meetings at the city hall, the 17 members of the committee pored over batches of comic books at home. Since the committee was formed on April 8, it has condemned 16 publications, but this is no index to the number of comic books they have read. It is not unusual for one member to plow through 20 books in a week.

Judge Leo Blessing of the Juvenile Court, for example, got a little behind schedule once—a juvenile court judge does have many problems of youth besides comic books—and he let 52 books pile up on him. The committee meets Friday afternoons. So Friday morning Judge Blessing rose at five o'clock and studied them, with the aid of four cups of coffee.

The committee has formulated a set of rules by which to judge the books. Members gather in the commission council chamber around a table with an array of comic magazines. When a member reports that one or more of his weekly batch contains objectionable matter, the group discusses it. If it is ruled objectionable, the distributor is notified. After an issue in a series is banned, the dealer must submit three copies of the next issue, and they are given a general fine-tooth combing.

In addition to Judge Blessing, who is chairman, there are on the committee seven men, including the Rev. Arthur Screen, director of the CYO for the Archdiocese of New Orleans, and Mrs. Frank W. Font, representing the New Orleans Council of Catholic School co-operative Clubs. There are also two representatives of the comic book distributing agencies in the city. Other members include representatives of the Junior Chamber of Commerce, Young Men's Business Club, New Orleans Council of Parents and Teachers, Presidents' Cooperative Club (a city-wide organization similar to the Parent-Teacher and Catholic Cooperative school groups), Association of University Women, Council of Jewish Women, Young Women's Christian Association, Institute of Mental Hygiene, the public library, Council of Churches, Young Men's Business Club, the police department and the district attorney.

The committee lists the following characteristics as objection-

able: Any situations or scenes that glorify crime or criminals, portrayal of law enforcement officers or agencies as stupid or ineffective, situations in which crime is overemphasized, indecent or suggestive attire, situations or scenes having sexy implication, humorous treatment or glamorous representation of divorce, scenes of sadistic torture or extreme cruelty, scenes that present prejudice against any race, color, religion, nationality or established American institution.

The Holy Number Thirteen

An interesting survival of Catholic days is the number thirteen, in spite of the efforts the Reformers made to stamp it out by calling it unlucky. The model in men's minds from quite early times seems to have been Our Divine Lord and twelve Apostles, and this number of thirteen was copied in all kinds of ways. A benefactor wanted to found some almshouses, or hospitals as they were more often called, and it will be found that, as a rule, they were built to the number of thirteen.

Thus Hugh II, Abbot of Reading, founded a hospital for thirteen poor men and thirteen poor women, about the year 1190. Richard III founded the Heralds' College in London, and appointed that the numbers composing it should number thirteen, as they do to this day. Catherine of Braganza, wife of Charles II, brought a body of Portugese Franciscans to London in 1662, the community consisting of a Father Guardian and twelve friars. A "baker's dozen," as it was called, consisted of thirteen loaves or cakes and there is legislation connected with this custom.

But an interesting, and in some ways an amusing, survival of thirteen being regarded as a lucky number is to be found in the common custom of putting a hen to sit on thirteen eggs. When a sitting of eggs is advertised for sale, the number is always understood to be thirteen. If this number is really unlucky, as has been made out in modern times, is this number of thirteen eggs put under the hen with the hope that they won't hatch?

The interest of this thirteen-egg custom, with its religious tinge, is, that it should have come down to us intact all the long way from our Catholic past. And it shows also how deeply matters connected with religion, in however small a way, entered into the daily life of our forefathers.—**Relics of Popery**, Horne.

Magazines Disapproved

BY THE

National Organization for Decent Literature

August, 1949

FOR THE INFORMATION OF COMMITTEES AND DEALERS, BUT NOT FOR PUBLICATION
CODE FOR CLEAN READING

Periodicals are listed, which

(1) glorify or condone reprehensible characters or reprehensible acts;

(2) contain material offensively "sexy";

(3) feature illicit love;

(4) carry illustrations indecent or suggestive, or

(5) advertise wares for the prurient-minded.

It will please the readers to learn that many magazines which had been on this objectionable list have discontinued publication during recent months. New magazines are also appearing every month, but they will have our attention for your guidance in future reports.

The following magazines are held to offend against one or more provisions of the above code.

MAGAZINES STILL PROCURABLE IN MANY PLACES

Amazing Detective
Authentic Detective

Beauty Parade
Best Songs
Best True Fact Detective
Big Song Magazine
Bits of Beauty
Breezy Stories
Buddies
Big Detective Cases
Blonde Baggage

Cartoon Humor
Cheers
Comedy
Crime Detective
Charley Jones Laugh Book
Confidential Detective

Detective World

Eyefull
Experiences

Fact Detective
Flirt
Front Page Detective
Fun Parade
Federal Crime Detective
Famous Police Cases

Gaiety

Human Detective
Headquarters Detective

Intimate Romances

Joker

Laff
Laff-Annual
Life Romances
Line-up Detective

Movie Play
My Romance
Modern Romances

National Detective Cases
Night and Day

Official Detective Stories

Pack of Fun
Peek
Picture Show
Police Record Detective
Popular Songs
Pepper
Police Detective
Popular Psychology
Pix
Personal Romances

Real Detective Cases
Revealing Detective
Real Story

Sensational Detective Cases
Show Girls
Sir
Smash Detective Cases
Smiles
Sports Action
Strength & Health
Screwball
Special Detective
Startling Detective

Ten True Crimes
Timely Detective
Titter
True Crimes Detective
Tru-Life Detective Cases
True Crime Cases
True Detective
True Police Cases

Uncensored Detective

Western Trails
Wit and Humor
Whisper
Wink

Sermon Suggestions

For the month of August ✠ *J. F. Noll, D.D.*

Christian Marriage a Sacrament

August 14

Marriage is a sacred contract which had God as its Author Who, even in the Old Law, ordered the promulgation of an extensive code of laws for the families of His chosen People to observe. That Christ regarded it as a very sacred thing is clear from the rebuke He administered to those who disregarded its indissoluble character, and from His plain declaration that in His Church it would be a holy thing.

It is the teaching of the Church that Christ raised marriage to the dignity of a Sacrament. Let us, therefore, see (1) for whom marriage is a Sacrament; (2) under whose jurisdiction it falls as a Sacrament; and (3) what are some of the laws relating to it.

(1) Marriage is a Sacrament for all baptized persons. When two baptized persons, capable of marrying, give their consent in the presence of the proper witnesses, they not only are validly married, but receive a Sacrament.

In other words, the marriage is not first a contract and then a Sacrament, but the contract is itself a Sacrament entered into by two baptized persons. I hardly need to mention here that only the baptized can receive any Sacrament; that, therefore, while two unbaptized persons may enter a sacred marriage contract, they do not receive a Sacrament.

If the contract and the Sacrament are one, it follows that the same individuals who make the contract also administer the Sacrament. While a law of the Church requires that the marriage vows be pronounced in the presence of an authorized priest, his presence is only that of an official witness. That means that the two baptized persons, free to enter such a contract and promising to accept it "for better or worse until death," are really the ministers of the Sacrament. It is the only Sacrament, besides Baptism, which can be effected by lay people. The contract and the Sacrament are identical for the baptized, and when the espousing parties enter such a contract they necessarily receive the Sacrament.

(2) Since Baptism admits the one baptized into the Church; and since Christian marriage itself is a Sacrament, evidently the Church has jurisdiction over it as a Sacrament, and has the right to make laws and to pass judgment on matters pertaining to its validity and to its lawfulness.

You have heard that there can be impediments to any marriage; hence they can impede marriage as a Sacrament also. According to God's own laws no one, already married, whose partner is still living, may validly contract another marriage. That was solemnly declared by God at the time He married our first parents, and it was reaffirmed by Christ.

Some laws relating to the contract of marriage are identical both in the States and in the Church, such as that relating to a marriage between very near relatives.

But when the State gives permission to remarry to one who is already validly married for life, it assumes an authority which it does not have, because God, Who is superior to the State, has forbidden such second or third unions. You should write that to your Hollywood idols.

It is when people are under **diriment** impediments, or such as make a marriage impossible, that the Church declares a previous contract null and void. In other words, while you have heard about annulments of marriages by the Church, they are not actually annulments of a valid marriage, but rather a declaration that the original contract entered into was not a valid one and, therefore, was no marriage at all. The Church has made some laws intended to prevent marriages between certain people or under certain conditions, but since not all these interfere with the validity of the marriage, but rather with its lawfulness, they are called "**prohibitive** impediments."

(3) The Church forbids, for instance, a Catholic to marry a non-Catholic even if he should have been validly baptized. This is done because it is the business of the Church on earth to promote the faith of Christ, and to protect the interests of God in this world generally. If, in the Old Law, when marriage was not a Sacrament, God forbade His chosen people, the Jews, to marry outside their faith, then there is a greater reason for the Church in the New Law to oppose a union between a Catholic and a non-Catholic, or a Catholic and a Christian who is outside the pale of the true Church, whether knowingly or unknowingly. It was Christ Who declared "A house divided against itself cannot stand" (Mark III, 25).

Just as I have noted that the State has no power over a law of God, so neither has the Church. When she is called on to judge whether or not a marriage has been validly contracted, the case is referred to the Diocesan Matrimonial Court, which makes a very careful investigation. If the court finds that a diriment impediment existed at the very time of the marriage, it gives a declaration of nullity, but this does not mean that it is granting a divorce with permission for a **second** marriage. It means that she declares that there was no real marriage in the first instance, therefore, if one or both parties see fit to marry again it becomes their first real marriage.

The Church can allow no dispensations for a marriage between people to whom divinely established diriment impediments apply. But she may grant dispensations and does so, for good reasons, when there is a question only of her laws, and not of God's laws or a law of nature, interfering.

Never, for a moment, entertain the thought that your Church is old fashioned in reference to marriage. It is our modern generation which is "new fashioned" and in conflict with laws imposed either by nature itself, or those promulgated by God, the Father, the Author; or God the Son, Who elevated marriage to the rank of things holy, for all persons who had become God's children by Baptism.

The wisdom of the Church in her regulations dealing with the Sacrament of Matrimony is made clearer and clearer with the passing of the years. Broken homes are comparatively rare among Cath-

olics, but a very common thing among others, separating children from parents, and weakening the very fabric of our nation, which can be no stronger than the families which comprise it.

God Wants to Bless Your Marriage

August 21

One of the most beautiful scenes recorded in the New Testament is the appearance of Jesus and Mary at the marriage feast of Cana, and the significance of their appearance at this wedding was immensely impressive . Cana is only a short distance from Nazareth, where Christ had lived with Mary and Joseph from the time of His return from Egypt, following the death of Herod.

That scene is reported frequently in every parish church. Jesus (1) wants to be present at your marriage; (2) He will bless it if you are worthy; and (3) He wants you to regard marriage as something "holy."

(1) In accepting the invitation to the Cana wedding Christ wished to impress on all people for all times the fact that God wants to be invited to every wedding in order to bless it.

This is why He elevated marriage, according to St. Paul (Eph. V, 32) to the rank of a Sacrament which, for Christians, would not be dissociated from the contract itself. As a Sacrament it would confer special blessings and graces on the wedded pair, so that, throughout a long career, they might be truly happy, and in that state of life, and through the fulfillment of its duties, attain a high place in Heaven.

You have often heard it said that "marriages are made in Heaven." Cana's was, and every one should want his or hers to be. They are arranged there for those who make themselves worthy of such a display of interest by God, and who will pray for His assistance in the selection of a partner. But numerous are the marriages arranged by God's archenemy, who realizes that a bad marriage usually means a big victory for him. Its evil effects may endure for generations. The devil realizes that a marriage is likely to result badly if he can assist a young man or woman in the selection of a partner; and he knows that he will have little interference, according to a declaration of Almighty God Himself, if, in preparing for marriage, youth will "shut God out of its life"; if youth will associate with people who have neither faith nor morality; if youth "will not live according to the spirit, but according to the flesh." Every pastor has seen unhappiness come to many, who, against their better judgment, yielded to the stronger will of another.

(2) Even if Heaven were not interested in your future welfare on earth, you yourself should be; and your temporal welfare will depend largely on the kind of marriage you will contract. Our country is full of broken homes, of mismated married couples, and, therefore, of marriage failures. In fact, never was marriage such a risk, and this should lead young people to use their heads more than their hearts, and to rely on their faith more than on their inclinations, in choosing a sweetheart.

Generally speaking youth should

not begin keeping company with one whose family record is bad. Vice is often inherited, and good character is usually not formed in a home where good moral influence was lacking.

A young woman should not fraternize with one who has not ambition, whose rendezvous place is the saloon or the poolroom or the gambling hall. The young man should not court girls whose tastes are extravagant, whom he, therefore, would not likely be able to support and please; and the young woman should not go out with a young man who lives beyond his means, who does not pay his debts, who spends much money on her.

It is important, as we mentioned before, that young people should try to learn the character and disposition of others by observing their attitude towards their parents, towards their brothers and sisters. Since human nature does not change through marriage, every young married woman must expect her husband to treat her much as he treats his sisters and mother, and every young man can be sure that the girl's attitude towards her brothers and father will later be her attitude toward him.

(3) We have reminded you that the importance which Almighty God attached to marriage was shown by the presence of Christ at the marriage of Cana; but its importance should be extremely clear even from the purpose which it is intended to serve. If, through marriage, Heaven is to be peopled; if the family, resulting from marriage, is the very foundation of society; if husband and wife are closely united that, in the words of Genesis (XI, 23), they are expected to leave father and mother permanently and cleave to each other; if they are actually joined together by God Himself (Matt. XIX, 16), then certainly marriage is something very sacred and holy.

Precisely because marriage does hold such an important place in the plan of God, we are not surprised that Christ, in founding a new world-wide religion, should elevate marriage to the dignity of a Sacrament for all those capable of receiving a Sacrament, namely, the baptized—those who are incorporated into His Kingdom.

The union of Christ with His Church, which He came from Heaven to establish in His own blood, is certainly intimate, holy and perpetual, and, in the mind of Christ, so should marriage be.

If marriage is a life-long contract, if the weal or woe of society depends on its stability, then, even apart from religion, it is the most sacred alliance on earth.

Marriage is less sacredly considered by people in the United States than anywhere else in the world. We have innumerable marriage mills and divorce mills. Many people become acquainted today, tomorrow will procure a marriage license without difficulty, and will have less difficulty in finding a Justice of the Peace, or a Protestant clergyman to witness their marriage.

County has vied with county to get the marriage business; state with state, to get divorce business—all from a purely financial motive.

Marriage mills and divorce mills are closely related. If we are to have hasty and thoughtless marriages, then we are naturally going to have machinery with which to break up these marriages. If it were difficult to procure a di-

vorce, then people would give more thought and reflection to marriage, and exercise more caution in the selection of the marriage partner.

The State has the right to make certain demands in relation to marriage. It may establish, for instance, a minimum age; it may require a residence in the state or county for a certain period; it may require that the parties proposing to get married, receive a license from it; but it may not "put asunder" what God, from whom civil power is derived, "hath joined together."

The State as Weak as Its Marriages

August 28

The Sacraments of Baptism, Confirmation, Penance, Extreme Unction exist only at the time they are being received; the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist endures as long as the species last; but the Sacraments of Holy Orders and Matrimony endure throughout life.

St. Robert Bellarmine likened the Sacrament of Matrimony to that of the Holy Eucharist, because it continues beyond the time of the sacrament-contract.

Since the family is based on marriage, and society on the family, evidently (1) no state can be stronger than its homes; (2) the state must be as unspiritual and irreligious as the families composing it; and (3) the reform of the state must begin in the home.

(1) Just as the Church orders a light to be burning before the tabernacle because the Eucharist endures as a Sacrament as long as the accidents under which it is contained endure; just as the Church demands that the species be carefully protected against desecration; so should the wedded couple be reminded of the continuation of their Sacramental contract. They need to be reminded that the Sacrament is desecrated not only by divorce and unfaithfulness, but even by the neglect of parental duties. This is the lesson which Catholics need to keep in mind, a lesson of which the generality of people of our country and of the world never even think. Of course, most marriages that take place in the United States are not Sacramental, and, therefore, not accompanied by the Sacramental graces, which the married need very much in a country whose social life is pagan.

If the family is the unit of society, evidently no state can be stronger than the families which compose it, and it is not likely that its constituent families will be made stronger until they take marriage itself more seriously. Today marriage is no more seriously considered than is the thing which disrupts it. If it begins without the blessing of God through His Church, it must be continued without Sacramental graces, and, as you well know, it is becoming ever more and more unsafe as a permanent union.

George Washington declared, in his Farewell Address, that neither private nor public morality can exist apart from religious principles. If these principles are lacking in most homes they cannot exist in the nation.

(2) According to statistics issued by the United States government one-half of all the peo-

ple of our nation are unaffiliated with any religious organization, which means that they have never learned the ABC's of religion. For the most part they have never received any Sacrament, not even that of Baptism, which must be the starting point of a spiritual and supernatural life. Of those who do belong to one of the more than 200 Protestant religions comparatively few are instructed in the faith. Even many of these have never been baptized because they have never been taught that it is essential for salvation.

Only one-tenth of the school population receives any knowledge of religion or morals in the school; and only one-half of all Catholic children do. Hence unless parents become their religious teachers and set the example of spiritual living there can be no reform of society along religious, spiritual or moral lines.

God obligates both the Church and Catholic parents to be the child's teachers and guides. The Church is so obligated because by Baptism the child became a child of God, and must be reared as a child of God by the Church of which it—also through Baptism—became a member; and by its parents, who evidently must do far more than most of them are doing to educate their children as "children of God." It is a plain duty which is imposed by the Sacrament of Matrimony.

From these observations it must be clear that society can be reformed today only by Catholics, every one of whom is God's adopted child, and nearly every one of whom is a professed soldier of Christ, and all of whom have the benefit of the grace and aid-giving Sacraments. For them to follow the unspiritual and irreligious among whom they live and work, rather than to lead the latter by their example and instruction, is a crime before God.

(3) If all homes were religious the state would be religious; if all homes were truly spiritual, the state would be spiritual-minded; if all people regulated their lives by the Commandments of God, these would become the basis of all laws passed by the State and Federal legislatures.

There were many centuries during which kings and emperors took their membership in the Church as seriously as the people, and cooperated with the Church in every possible manner. The citizenry was, therefore, Christian, instinctively, and even if poorly educated in the books, it had an innate sense of what was right and what was wrong. Marriage was held to be a very sacred contract by all the people and, therefore, divorce was not permitted by the State. Religion was a part of the educational system from the primary grade through college and university, and it was the norm by which people felt impelled to settle all national and international problems. If there had been such cooperation between the State and the Church during our lifetime there would have been no wars, no conflicts between capital and labor, no cultivation of hatred as between races and nations.

It must have occurred to you frequently during the late war and since, that Almighty God was never invoked at international conferences, that the heads of states never called on their citizenry to repent, do penance and pray for guidance for their statesmen. This itself is proof sufficient that the

average State is neither religious nor spiritual-minded, that it tries to build on the sand of political opinions and expediency, and not on the rock, which is Christ.

A thousand years before the establishment of Christianity David declared "Unless God build the house, they labor in vain who build it." We have seen such vain labor on the part of the world's present-day leaders, yet, among themselves, they have never appealed to God to help them build the house of peace.

Just as the family is the unit of society, so should the heads of families and every individual in the family regard themselves as bound to assist in improving the religious and spiritual condition of their community. The community, built of families, is a larger unit of the state, and if all of them were greatly improved by the Catholics who are part of them, we would eventually, at least, have a religious and spiritual nation on which Heaven would look down with favor.

You Must Prove Your Freedom to Marry

September 4

Marriage, regarded as the holiest of all contracts from the beginning of the human race, was elevated by Christ to the rank of Sacrament for all Christians. Like all other Sacraments, it was placed by Christ in the custody of His Church. Five of the seven Sacraments offer grace and help to the individual. Matrimony and Holy Orders are, in a special manner, social Sacraments, and impart grace and help for the benefit of many—the former for all the members of the family, the latter for members of the Church.

According to Church legislation Catholics must (1) marry before a priest and two witnesses; (2) they must produce a certificate of Baptism and have the banns promulgated; and (3) strangers to the priest must prove by affidavit their freedom to marry.

(1) The Church is a sovereign society as well as the State, and since marriage is a Sacrament for Catholics, the Church must enact laws relating to Matrimony as a Sacrament.

For a Catholic marriage is always a Sacrament, while it is never a Sacrament when contracted by two unbaptized persons. Because it is a Sacrament for Catholics they must pronounce their vows before an official representative of their Church, and in the presence of two witnesses. The official representative is the pastor of the bride, when both parties are Catholics, and the pastor of the Catholic, when one of the parties is a non-Catholic. No other priest may officiate at the marriage unless delegated by the proper pastor.

Since a Catholic cannot enter marriage without at the same time receiving a Sacrament, and since Catholics come to their Church for Sacraments, when a Catholic contracts a marriage before a Protestant minister, before a Justice of the Peace, it is null and void.

(2) Because the Sacrament of Matrimony presupposes the reception of the Sacrament of Baptism a Baptismal Certificate is required from the pastor of the church in which the parties were baptized. If the Baptismal Certificate be al-

most impossible to secure because, for instance, one or both parties were baptized in a foreign country, then affidavits from parents or Baptism sponsors must be procured.

Not of absolute necessity, but of importance, is a Certificate of Confirmation also. It offers evidence that the person, now seeking marriage, had a Catholic training beyond the time of the use of reason.

The Church requires that a forthcoming marriage be promulgated three times in all parish churches in which the prospective bride and groom had membership for six months. While it is not always possible to conform to the letter of this law, the wisdom of it in our days is clear if the priest who is to assist at the marriage is to be assured that no impediments obstruct a free marriage.

The civil law in many of our states, and in many other countries, has copied this Catholic Church policy by requiring that notice be served in the courts or to newspapers of a forthcoming marriage three weeks before a marriage license will be issued. The purpose of such a law is threefold: (a) to prevent hasty marriages, which usually end in failure; (b) to prevent unlawful marriages; and (c) to prevent people diseased from marrying.

Thoughtful Catholics want the banns published. It is a challenge to people "to find fault if you can." Secret and unannounced marriages provoke very unkind gossip.

(3) When the pastor of the Catholic party is asked to witness a marriage between that parishioner and another Catholic who, to him, is an entire stranger, he must not only be furnished with proof of the Baptism, but also with evidence that the stranger is free to contract marriage. A stranger to the priest who is asked to perform the marriage, whether Catholic or non-Catholic, must take an oath, with his hand resting on the Bible, to the effect that he either was never married before, or that his consort to a previous marriage is dead. Evidence of the latter must be produced. A civil divorce and a license to contract a second marriage according to the laws of the State do not make a second marriage either licit or valid before God. Not even the non-Catholic's conversion to the Catholic Church would invalidate a previous valid marriage, except under the Pauline Privilege, which is explained elsewhere.

The Churh, God's agent, must especially in these days when divorce is so common, make sure that the applicants are eligible for marriage. So many non-Catholics do not feel that they are obligated by the laws of the Catholic Church, and do not hesitate to deceive the priest. But in nearly all cases they violate a law of God rather than a law of the Catholic Church.

If a Catholic contracts a marriage which endures for life he certainly should pray and exert prudence and caution in selecting a permanent mate. He should not take for granted that every young person under twenty-five is free to marry. In these days it is not out of place to ask the friend who wants to court you "Am I going with one who tried marriage before?" In more cases than you think the answer would be "yes."

Book Reviews

Trials Of A Translator, Msgr. Ronald Knox, New York, Sheed & Ward, 1949, pp. xii, 113, $2.00.

MSGR. KNOX, in common with everyone else who has essayed a version of the Scriptures, has felt the need of explaining and defending his work; and like a great many others, from St. Jerome to Goodspeed and the editors of the Confraternity New Testament, he has from time to time broken into print on the subject. **The Clergy Review** is his usual medium. In this book he has reprinted in more permanent form some of his previous articles. Why he has done so is not clear. Those interested in his explanations could find them in their original place; for those not interested the book will have little meaning. Further, the points discussed serve only to illustrate Knox's method and are not of a kind to merit reprinting.

The author does, however, establish the point that a translator of the Bible is the victim of an assortment of trials. The job itself is difficult enough. But then, as Jerome remarked fifteen hundred years ago, everyone feels competent to act as critic of a version of the Bible. In this instance, the unusual translation of Msgr. Knox is particularly provocative of comment, and he will feel all the more need of justifying his policies.

In general he is facile in his justification. Yet his very apologia confirms rather than settles some of the more frequently raised objections to his work. His persistence in adhering to the Latin Vulgate is indefensible; his attitude towards textual criticism is neither consistent nor thorough; his taking refuge in paraphrase is a weakness that he does not fully appreciate; his total neglect of Hebrew parallelism in poetic passages is a decided fault. Matters such as these are not adequately explained, though he shows some feeling in his effort to answer his critics.

The book will entertain those who are curious about Msgr. Knox's methods. It wil not satisfy those who have seriously examined his translation. It will not prove, if anyone thought that it might, that his translation is about to end all English versions of he Scriptures.—W. L. N.

Preface To The Bible, Gerard Rooney, C. P., Milwaukee, Bruce, 1949, pp. xi, 167, $2.00.

EVERY Catholic students attending a secular or sectarian college, must face, sooner or later, the problem of a rationalistic criticism of religion and the Bible. Every priest who has to deal with such students has the correlative problem of biblical literature adapted to their needs. Father Rooney has done both students and chaplains a service in drawing up this **Preface.** The merit of his work reaches farther. Anyone who wishes to make his reading of the Bible something more than a casual interest will find it a splendid preparation.

The author treats in a clear and sound way three topics out of General Introduction: Inspiration, Interpretation and Inerrancy. Perhaps it would have been more logical and effective to discuss Inerrancy immediately after Inspiration, of which it is the prime con-

sequence, but the present order does not interfere with the book's intention. This seems to be to provide not an answer to particular difficulties but the principles upon which all difficulties can be met. And this is in the right direction. Further, the author has done well in his effort to render the matter untechnical, which is not easy. He has also done well to base much of his work on the great papal encyclicals on the Scriptures.

Father Rooney, therefore, is to be thanked for this piece of practical biblical literature. And the book should find its way into the hands of all Catholics who have the misfortune of exposure to the extreme biblical criticism that is so common in our non-Catholic institutions of higher learning. — W. L. N.

Priest and Proletariat, Robert Kothen, tr. by Maher, New York, Sheed & Ward, 1948, pp. 64, $1.50.

THIS little booklet, translated from the French, bears the name of Robert Kothen as the author; but that is hardly the fact. More of the book consists of quotations from people like Perrin and Loew who have written about the efforts of the French clergy to take the Gospel into the factories and the docks to reach the mass of the workers that stands for the Lost Sheep.

The worst of that condition, to be sure, is the entire willingness of the said sheep to keep on being lost, or perhaps even its unawareness that it is lost. But to an appalling extent, the Church in France has lost its hold on the workers, and this attempt is being made now to repair some of that damage. Much of this book is made up of what Father Perrin has said in his book **Priest-Workman In Germany,** and indeed the primary intent of the little booklet under discussion appears to be to make English and American readers aware of that book and several others of the sort.

It does that; it does give any reader plenty to think about, when he recognizes that things have slid to such a degree in France that the erstwhile Eldest Daughter of Mother Church has become, in a very real and shocking sense, a missionary country—that is to say, a country to which missionaries must be sent to convert its people to belief in and practice of the Gospel.

And all honor is due the devoted men who make themselves one with the people to whom they would minister, working with their hands like the rest of the proletariat, to use the sociological jargon. It is beyond a doubt a noble attempt to "be all things to all men," but as one reads the text of these 64 pages, there can be no escaping the impression that there is a note of exaggeration here.

To be sure, that is characteristic of any reformer, any enthusiast, and to be accepted as such; but one gathers here that the author's conviction is that every priest should be doing that sort of thing, under pain of neglecting the cause of Christ. Strangely, he quotes the statement of the French Hierarchy about the matter, and that contains a very effectual refutation of that idea. The bishops are quite heartily in favor of the effort, and they have given it their wholehearted blessing; but they do point out, none the less, that the bulk of the "proletariat"

would not want their priests to be indistinguishable from themselves, to be like themselves in all things. Can there be any doubt whatever that the French priesthood, or any other priesthood, must forever be a thing apart, and that by the mandate of Christ Himself?

Even so, this little book and what it suggests gives one to think; and perhaps we in this country, recognizing that things with us have not gone so far as in France, can adapt some of these methods, or at least their spirit, to conditions as we have them here.—F.J.M.

Our Lady of Knock, Coyne, Catholic Book Publishing Co., New York, 1948, pp. 223, $2.50.

CERTAINLY, if the Blessed Mother did appear in the village of Knock, in County Mayo, on August 21st, 1879, as alleged, then the fact should be better known to the non-Irish world than it appears to be. The present reviewer, no sort of hermit, confesses that this little book gave him his first acquaintance with the fact or the Shrine at Knock that the book is written to propagandize.

Truth also compels the stricture that it is a poor sort of book, poor in physical constitution and dress, written with none of the literary graces or amenities. It starts with the history of the alleged apparition, quotes the depositions of the eye-witnesses in full, and then goes on with a recital of the life-history of the parish priest of Knock, Archdeacon Cavanagh.

After that, we are regaled with a long litany of cures of one sort and another— very fine and convincing, too, except for the present hyper-sceptical and "scientific" generation in which we live; for the plain fact of the matter, as the author of the book candidly shows, is that there was nothing like a Medical Bureau at Knock till 1936. The author attempts to face the impact of that fact and argue it away by maintaining that after all, there was no medical authentification of most of the miracles that are recorded in other circumstances. That is notably true of the Gospel miracles, to be sure; but it is not at all convincing to the modern sceptic when he is asked to believe that miraculous cures have taken place at Knock.

That is not at all, however, to argue either that there is nothing supernatural operative here; the Church has not officially stamped the apparition with her approval as yet, though the author says the number of pilgrims annually must number at least a quarter of a million, and cures without number are recorded. But this narrative of the story of Knock in County Mayo is not the book that will make many converts out of the sceptics.

The author incidentally—or the publishers—seem to have been hard put to it to bring the thing up to book dimensions. They lug in a lot of extraneous or questionably pertinent material.—F. J. Mueller.

Second Latin, by Cora Carroll and Charles L. Scanlon, Herder, St. Louis, 1948, pp. 270, $3.50.

THIS second-year Latin text is intended in a very practical way for those who have only two years to devote to the subject; primarily, we would observe that it immediately calls to mind the problem of many of our seminarians today. It is designed to furnish such stu-

dents with a rapid but solid survey of the basic structure of the language and a working vocabulary suited to their class needs. Our reviewing here is somewhat restricted in a judicial way by the fact that we do not know the first volume, the grammar, which this is intended to supplement. But we do find the present volume most helpful: well conceived and executed. The vocabulary, for example, is derived from philosophical, theological, and canonical readings. There is a good full measure of exercises. There is a compendious word list at the end of the volume. The final test of merit will, of course, lie in the actual use of the text in a class room. We have not had the chance to make this pragmatic test but we do not hesitate to say that the prospect is an inviting one.

Unavoidably, one supposes, there are misprints; e. g. the phrase Consilium talem on page 145 will call for some explanation. Then, too, though this is a highly personal complaint, the vocabulary exhibits words which strike this reviewer as rare and omits others which he would think basic. (De gustibus!) On the whole, be it said, we think it a valuable contribution not only for those who would make it their manual but for others who would use it as a supplement to their teaching.—B. R.

Great Writers of the World: Saint Paul, Robert Sencourt, New York, Sheed and Ward, 1948, pp. 378, $3.50.

THE purpose of this book, in the words of the author, is "to tell the Apostle's story in the words of our time." To this task he brings the viewpoint and experience of a biographer, critic and historian, and in addition the fruit of extensive reading. He does more. His claim of having been fascinated by St. Paul is supported by the intimate understanding of the Epistles which he has worked into his book. The issue is a very readable account of the life of St. Paul with due attention to the content of the Epistles. It is a fresh approach to the Apostle, though the story it tells is an old story. The book differs from other lives of Paul mainly in its penetrating appreciation of the literary qualities of his writings.

The author has written chiefly for the layman, and he has shaped his work accordingly. Little space is wasted on the discussion of fruitless problems, or the many involved questions that are of little interest to laymen, however important from other points of view. But even with this limited horizon the book can serve some purpose of moment. It can efficiently introduce the reader to St. Paul and his Epistles. And for those who may have made some acquaintance with the Apostle through Sholem Ash, or his like, it can prove to be an antidote.

The professed biblical scholar will find the book intriguing, if at the same time somewhat aggravating. Not that the author is inaccurate. In matters commonly agreed upon Sencourt is quite accurate. It is in the views he adopts on disputed points that his weakness is found. He did not stint in his reading and study; but he does not seem to have been able to evaluate his authorities, or to resolve a dispute with any authority of his own.

Still he did not write for scholars, or with the hope of settling questions so many of which rest

on quisquis abundet in sensu suo. He wrote with the noble purpose of communicating to others his own personal devotion to Paul. Only those who read his book can tell how effectively he has reached this purpose.—W.L.N.

Preaching and the Dramatic Arts, E. Winston Jones, Macmillan, New York, $2.00.

SOME time ago a young priest called on this scribe and lamented the fact that he was no orator, and had no eloquence. "Thank God," was our reply. "Thank God that you are not an orator. The plain man of today wants to be told things in a plain way—not oratorical, not literary." What we all need today is a sermon solid, clear, well prepared after prayer and study of the Sacred Scriptures.

Ten years ago, the rector of Trinity Church in New York made this statement to his parishioners: "Why cannot a Christian be permitted to go to church to worship his God without always being assaulted by a barrage from the pulpit?" He recommended a moratorium on preaching for a period of one or two years, that the Church might "once again bring salvation to the world, and begin to save its own soul."

The author of the present volume is far from endorsing Dr. Fleming's plan. To him the task of preaching is necessary and noble, but he does not seem concerned with the doctrinal part of it; he prefers to deal with its dramatic delivery. The author seems to belong to a church where the pew is higher than the pulpit and where the preacher has to cultivate persuasiveness as well as attractiveness, without any necessary faithfulness to the Word of God.—J. M. Lelen.

The Hymns of the Breviary and Missal, edited by Rev. Matthew Britt, O. S. B., Benziger, New York, $6.75.

IT is quite useful to study the lessons of the breviary before one recites them, but as to the hymns, it is absolutely necessary to do so. Many of those sacred songs were written in a strange style; they have not the fluency of prose and they are without the splendor of the classic pattern. Their austerity is equal to their vigor, so much so that, according to St. Ambrose, "their thoughts rather than their terms must be considered." Holy Writ is their soul. Mostly all are the work of saintly men now canonized. They are our best chrestomathy of Christian Latin poetry.

Yes, indeed, they are all that, but we must admit that at times they present grammatical tangles not readily solvable by the ordinary graduate of a course in Latin Language and Literature. A commentary and a translation of the hymns are essential.

By the grace of God and of a learned Benedictine priest we now have exactly what we want. Dom Britt's new edition of **The Hymns** of the Breviary and Missal, rewritten throughout, adequately fills our need. Right royal is the work; it is typically the Benedictine opus which Europe used to be so fond of. It is scholarship at its best, but the scholarship of a priest in love with his subject and thereby able to pour his love into the heart of his reader. I will go further and I will say that Dom Gueranger

would admire this book if he still were on this side of heaven.

Father Matthew's volume contains translations of the hymns for the feast of Christ the King, and of those in honor of the Maternity of our beloved Blessed Mother. It was too late to incorporate the three new hymns in honor of St. Frances Cabrini, but in behalf of the editor and of Benziger Brothers I may say that the translation and commentary of those hymns will be published and, in the next reprint, given to the purchasers of The Hymns of the Breviary and Missal.—J. M. Lelen.

New Dawn in Japan, Everett F. Briggs, M.M., Longmans, Green & Company, New York, 1948, pp. 249, $2.75.

THIS book is a brief, yet quite thorough, review of the past and a balanced forecast of the future of Christianity in Japan. Father Briggs begins his study with a short appraisal of the present state of the collective soul of Japan. To support his conviction that the Japanese people are hungering for Christianity, he recalls the past history of religion in the Island Empire, details the conflict between Christianity on the one hand and indigenous Shintoism and adopted Buddhism on the other, and analyzes the relationship of all three to the ever-present Nationalism up to and including the early part of the late war.

Returning then to his main contention that at present, owing to the great disillusionment following their defeat in war, there is an ideological vacuum in the soul of a people naturally religious, and that vacuum is antecedently conditioned for Christianity, he does not maintain that the Japanese people are as ripe plums ready to drop into the basket of any stray fruit-gatherer, but with a calm objectiveness, he appraises the situation for its actual and practical worth, namely, that in Japan the soil is fertile, the conditions of growth good, but there is need for much labor and careful, tedious tending on the part of the sower if he would likewise be a harvester.

More important, he lays down the principles for a positive program based on intellectual enlightenment and promoted through Christian social action and economic stability. The great opponent, Communism, is realistically but not thunderously scored. Throughout the book burns the missioner's love for the people of his adoption, but it burns evenly and illuminatingly and does not cloud his own judgment nor seek to overwhelm that of his readers by its heat and its force. Altogether it is an instructive and inspiring book and one that might well be read by all American Christians, be they Catholic or not.

The author's style, however, is a bit of a handicap. The pleasing vividness of the descriptive and narrative parts gives way unfortunately to repetition in the historical and inferential sections. If the author's earnestness and clear-sightedness had been matched by equal literary simplicity in these latter sections, this book would have been a fascinating and quite irresistible call to action. As it is, however, it runs the danger of being classified undeservedly as another piece of propaganda.—Bart M. Reilly.

Continued from page 568

Prior, in a two-page letter single-spaced. Here it is, in part:

"Specifically the worries in your last paragraph, nearly all concerns of poverty, you may note, can be answered by the one expression: You give up all, roots, trunk, branches, leaves, fruit, tree.

"It is rare that anyone is permitted in the community unless he is a novice in good faith. An occasional priest-brother may 'stand' in choir and chant the office, etc. But community life requires the right intention. . . Possessions are either held by us in trust, or made over to a lay person in trust until Solemn Profession when final changes are made. . . Some know well enough that they dispose of their 'articles,' save a reserve of cash, at once. . . We are happy to receive books (if spiritual) or other useful things, but neither ask nor expect them. . . It is all businesslike and prescribed by our Constitutions. Before Simple Profession, the novice makes a will to take care of future goods, and a disposal of property for the triennium. . . No, we do not advise any to 'burn the bridges' too soon. About one in three persevere. . .

"The novitiate life is the actual Trappist life as you will find on inspection. There are a few mitigations during the first month in regard to food and sleep—an extra hour of the latter, and perhaps a glass of milk instead of our barley coffee. Manual Labor is part of the Benedictine formula of **Ora et Labora.** It is prayer. It also gives you an appetite! The horar-

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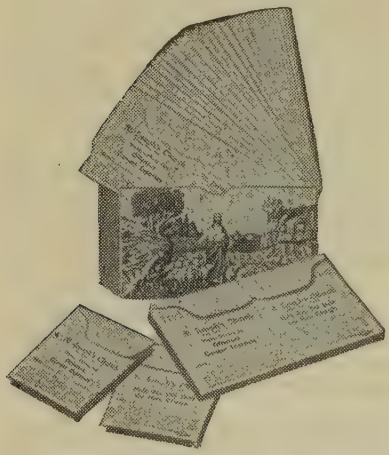

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ium varies with the swing of the Liturgy. Drowsiness is a monastic penance—a tool of the devil. It is really enough sleep, and sometimes too much. In the summer time (Easter until September 14) we take six hours at night and an hour or so after dinner. The siesta (meridian) varies depending on the Feast: we may have had only 5 or 5½ at night, you see. . ."

By last reports, our friend is still praying and pondering, though perhaps not so furiously as he was six weeks ago.

The Order of Judas Iscariot

WILLIAM EDMOND BURKE was listed as "field representative" in the November, 1948, issue of **The Converted Catholic.**

Burke was ordained a priest for the Diocese of Scranton, Pennsylvania, in 1931. A reliable source has supplied us with the following informatoin concerning his career:

"After a few years he became a problem case due to heavy drinking and other infractions of clerical propriety. His language was violent and his behavior gave scandal. Complaints were also received about his failure to pay just debts. Around 1940 he disappeared with a woman older than himself and is said to have attempted marriage civilly to her. Many who knew him are of the opinion that he is not entirely normal mentally. In fact he was sent at one time to an institution where care is provided for alcoholics and mental cases. He has recently become the tool of bigoted and unscrupulous groups who delight in exploiting such an apostate in an attempt to dis-

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credit the Church, and he apparently has no scruple in serving such a nefarious purpose for whatever monetary returns he may derive therefrom."

Impractical Advertising

WE had a pathetic little note the other day from one of our cherished subscribers.

"With you [and the Sacred Congregation of Rites]," he wrote, I am opposed to the Hammond Organ. And while I find the Wicks pipe-organ advertised in your pages, I'm looking for the addresses of other makes, too—especially of that big one out in Missouri someplace—the one that installed the organ in St. Patrick's, New York. Can you help me out?"

Reluctantly, we referred him to **The Diapason,** in which most of the organ-manufacturers advertise —apparently on the assumption either that Catholic pastors leave such a trifle as the buying of an organ to their organists, or that most Catholic rectories and institutions have collegiate membership in the American Guild of Organists and are ipso-facto subscribers to **The Diapason.**

This leaves us baffled still more than ever at the refusal of the organ manufacturers to advertise in magazines for the Catholic clergy — excepting, as we said, Wicks Organs of Highland, Illinois (and don't forget to mention **The Priest** if you should write them!).

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not? The circus carries one along; and it is pretty well agreed that they are handy. But in this case, the chaplain is a full-fledged performer. (No slur intended on the circus chaplains, whoever they may be!) Fr. Paul Lloyd, C.M. is not only the chaplain but a first-rate prestidigitator, mentalist, illusionist and hocus-pocus artist. In fact, in another one of his capacities (as director of the Vincentian Foreign Mission Society) he has several times made our dough disappear right under our very eyes!

With a little astrological allusion, Fr. Lloyd explains his predilection for magic. He was, he says, born on National Magic Day—Hallowe'en, to us. He has been pulling his tricks almost ever since; now has a show that would run about ten hours all told; directs a mail-order course, Magic for Padres; channels all his returns (may they be rich and frequent) into the foreign missions.

Wanted

MASS Intentions, by Dutch Oblate Fathers. Forward to Father Koos van Lent, O.M.I., Regina Pacis, Duiven, Gld., Holland, Europe.

Prayer Card for the Sick

EVERY once in a while something turns up that makes you think, as soon as you see it, "Why hasn't this been done earlier?"

That's what came to our mind when we got a copy of the new prayer card for the sick. Originated by Fr. Thomas C. Biecker, S.J., it's a sort of placard, 8 by 11, filled with useful prayers in large

type. The card itself can be washed and sterilized, and it's so large that it's not readily lost. The size also cuts down on eye-strain and makes it more easily read by a reclining patient.

As one priest remarked, "So frequently I've noticed that the sick have no prayerbook and I was always afraid that as a result the preparation and thanksgiving after Communion would be practically nil, since some of these people were never much as church-goers and I figured that they didn't know too much about how to pray."

This card would make an ideal Christmas gift for distribution among the sick of the parish. It can be had at 35c, three for a dollar, $25.00 a hundred, from the Book Store at John Carroll University, Cleveland 18, Ohio.

She Shall Have Music

THE following is reprinted in its entirety from a recent issue of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. (It comments on an address delivered by Dr. Spach before the Missouri Chapter, American Guild of Organists.)

Barrett Spach, head of the organ department at Northwestern University, is evidently no specialist in how women want to feel at weddings. He proposes to junk "I Love You Truly," "Because," "At Dawning" and suchlike, which he says weddings are teary enough without, and play instead such pastoral works as those of Bach, Couperin, and Purcell.

The idea that weddings can ever be teary enough is just the sort of silly notion that would occur to a man. For mother, aunts and other distaff kin the music must

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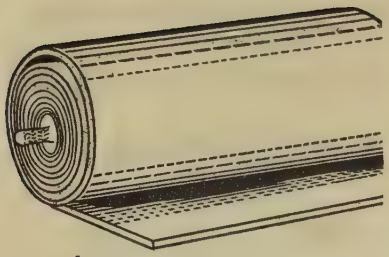

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speak of parting and sacrifice, even though the young couple will make their home with the bride's parents. For sisters and girl friends it must breathe the sweetness of romance, which is heartbreakingly sad when frustrated and heartbreakingly beautiful when it isn't.

Mr. Spach, or whoever is, as they say, at the console, is not merely producing music, he is manufacturing memories. Along with the flower that will crumble in an envelope in the jewel box, the lace that will yellow in the trunk in the attic, there will go down through the years the recollection of the bride's second cousin from Schenectady singing "Yours Is My Heart Alone."

And any time any of the women present hear it ever after—which will probably be oftener than they will hear of Bach, Couperin, and Purcell put together—they will get the same delicious feeling, all over again.

That, in general, is what Mr. Spach and his fellow organists are up against, and a more foreordained conclusion we never saw.

Footnote on the Apostolate

AFTER 1900 years of strenuous activity, the Catholic Church still claims only 17¼ of the world's population. This figure was arrived at by the **Schweizerische Kirchenzeitung** of Lucerne after a review of population trends over the past 150 years. **Die Kirchenzeitung** concludes that during this period the Catholic percentage has been steadily decreasing, that only in recent years has the trend begun to reverse itself.

This is due mainly to increased

birth rates in Protestant areas, coupled with intensified missionary activity on the part of the heretics. Also—in Africa, we gain a million a year, while the Moslems and pagans gain three million.

We leave the reader to draw up the appropriate resolutions.

The Clerical "Dog Collar"

THE Reverend Archie Markby, Protestant, evidently has a bad conscience about his calling. He has protested what he calls the clerical "dog collar," on the ground that it makes people think vicars are "weeds." Well—perhaps they are!

"It's high time we found another symbol," he writes. "The church is considered out of date and we have got to move with the times. The 'dog collar' is an oddity, and I am more without mine than with it.

"There is no written law that says clergymen must wear it, and I think a small cross, about an inch high, worn in the lapel, like the American padres used during the war, would be better.

"The collar has been ridiculed at, and joked about more than anything else except mothers-in-law. Besides, people seem to think anybody who wears one is a weed."

Also from England, in a Daily Express cartoon, two harassed clergymen remark that "it's a fine state of affairs when the Dean of Canterbury believes everything he reads in Pravda and the Bishop of Birmingham doesn't believe half what he reads in the Bible."

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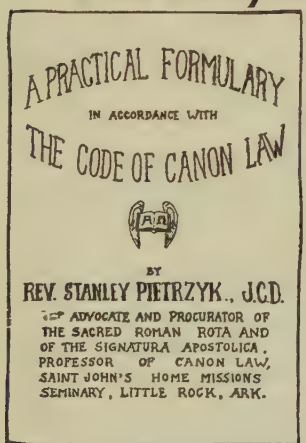
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For the Holy Father

Editor:

THIS letter is written to extend, through the courtesy of your columns, an invitation and an opportunity to your very many priest readers. The invitation is to participate in the 1950 annual Apostleship of Prayer Spiritual Bouquet of First Intention Masses offered to the Vicar of Christ.

This annual offering, begun by the Apostleship Directors in 1937 with a gift of 15,000 Masses, numbered 21,710 in the most recent presentation made in January, 1949. These pledged First Intention Masses are offered "for all the General and Particular Intentions of the Holy Father." Formerly only the Most Reverend Bishops and the Apostleship Directors in various parts of the world participated. This year, in the light of the truly harassing problems besetting His Holiness, it has been deemed fitting to invite all priests to take part. (A three-page consideration of the growth and need for this annual offering, together with the Pontiff's expressed appreciation, can be found on pages 25-27, August, '49.—**The Messenger of the Sacred Heart.**)

Those who enter will have a share in the offering to be presented to the Holy Father, at the beginning of the 1950 Holy Year, and can do so by simply sending to myself (a post-card will be sufficient) an indication of their desire to offer one or more First Intention Masses for the 1950 presentation.

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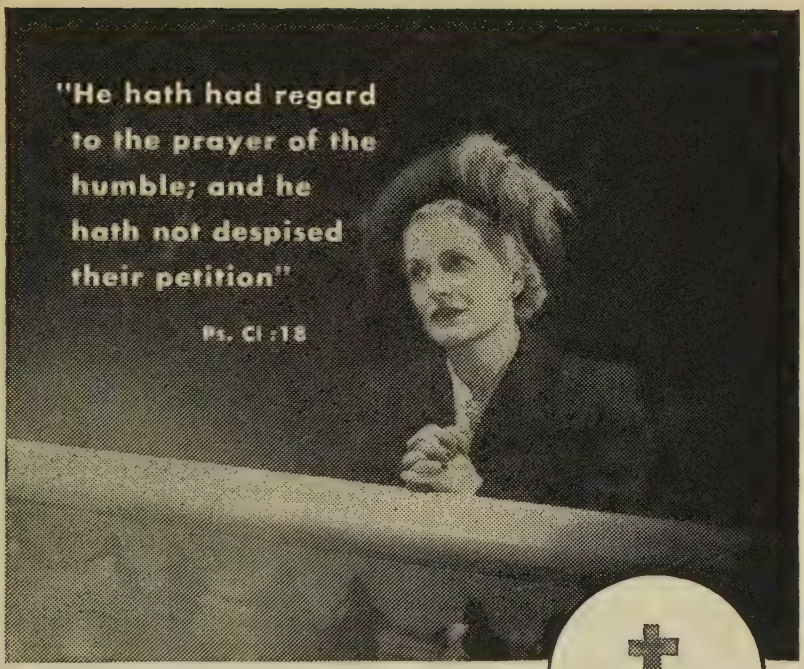

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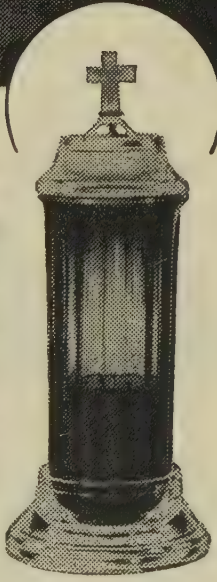

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Name and address of the sender of course should be added and the information should reach this office not later than November 15th.

I imagine the majority of us American priests will not be able, for one reason or another, to visit Rome during the Holy Year. Probably there is none of us however who cannot participate in the Apostleship offering of Masses. One might even suggest that His Holiness will treasure our Masses, for his many intentions, more than our physical presence in Rome in 1950. With fraternal good wishes, this office looks forward to hearing from you.

Arthur R. McGratty, S.J.
Director, A. of P.

515 East Fordham Road
New York 58, New York

Appeal From Holland

Editor:

IN this city of Wageningen, Holland, Catholics have a very hard struggle against the liberal-minded neutrals and the Protestants. Our youth will be lost for the Holy Church unless we have strong Catholic organization.

We had a beautiful brass band before the war. There is a great need for reorganizing it, but during the war we lost all our instruments and uniforms. Wageningen was in the front lines for over five months.

I would like to know if any American parish band has discarded musical instruments that could be forwarded to us. By doing so you will save our youth from taking

Correspondence

part in neutral and Protestant bands with the consequences of mixed marriages, etc.

Please let me know if any American parish will "adopt" this one in this matter of instruments. Our own Catholics would like to do something, but they have had such terrible losses themselves; and instruments cannot be purchased yet in this country.

Thank you for your attention. Thank you for your help in anticipation.

Sincerely yours,
Xaver Bouwman

1 Beatrixlaan 1
Wageningen, Gelderland
Holland

Baby Sitters

Editor:

AS in every parish, we have here a few families who seldom come to church on Sundays because the father is a policeman, fireman, milkman, etc., and so has to work on Sunday, and the mother has little ones to take care of.

We have solved this problem—at least for the mothers—so that now they can come to church. We have about eighteen girls who, after they have heard Mass, go to those homes and look after the younger children while the mothers go to church. Those girls give their free time to God, one hour every Sunday.

I thought that perhaps some priest confronted with the same problem might care to adopt the same solution. It works fine.

Sincerely yours,
B. Dostie, M.S.C.

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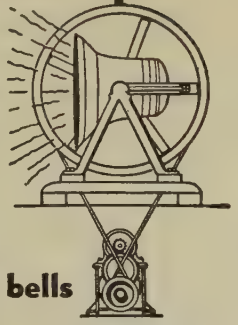

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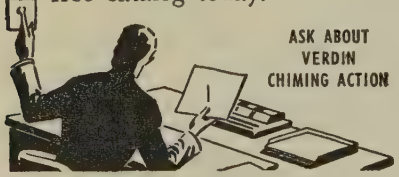

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Sal Terrae

Editor:

WHEN a priest approaches his sixtieth birthday, he begins to realize that he is living on borrowed time; however, in my case, I tried to find some consolation in the thought that now at least I would no longer be subjected to the Lenten regulations. Alack and alas, compared to the medical profession, Holy Mother the Church is an indulgent mother indeed. After a lifetime of excellent health, I gradually noticed a dull and sluggish feeling, accompanied by violent headaches, something unheard of before. Finally I decided to undergo an inspection of the inner man. After a thorough analysis, the doctor frowned and declared: "You have damaged kidneys, for the analysis shows pus cells; from now on no more pork, gravy, not much fried food, no salt or condiments, and absolutely no more coffee."

Well, with sadness in my heart, I said goodbye to such beloved dishes as chile con carne, frijoles, ravioli paste, all spiced and rich dishes, bacon, coffee, and pie. For weeks eating was a difficult chore; the spice of life had disappeared.

But after a month or two of this flat food I did not miss the salt nor the condiments either. Strangely to say, for the first time in my life I learned that vegetables, eggs, and other foods have a delightful flavor of their own, and here I had been covering up their delicate flavors with all sorts of condiments. Best of all, I felt much better, the headaches ceased, and I even developed a distaste for coffee which I had enjoyed in huge quantities from childhood up.

A Further Effect

But, strangest of all, hardly had I started on this rather strict diet when the "stimulus carnis" practically disappeared. Mulling this over for a while, I asked the doctor: "Do you in your profession classify salt, condiments, also coffee, as aphrodisiacs?" He smiled and answered in the affirmative. Then I thought of the good old college days when we dispatched mountains of food in the refectory, and how our disciplinarian would sneak up to some valiant trencherman and slap the hands or rap his bony knuckles on the luckless wight's noggin to make him stop putting salt and pepper on his food. At that time I thought this to be one of the many phobias of the old man who was aptly nicknamed "crank," but now I know better.

From our work in the confessional we find that the solitary sin, masturbation, is a besetting sin, and the poor victims come for years, seemingly contrite of heart and yet, they always come with the same old story. Naturally, we try to impress upon them the guilt of mortal sin, we stress the presence of God, we remind them of the weakening of will power and the physical dangers incurred, but such poor victims continue for years and years.

So now I am trying another angle: with what success, remains to be seen. My advice to such penitents is that they should practice penance, to deny themselves food that is richly spiced or dripping with grease, and in a few chosen words try to impress upon them that, after all, we are what

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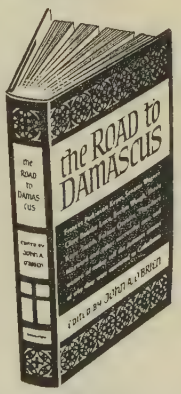

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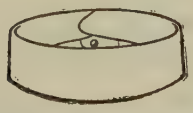

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we eat; those who eat rich high-seasoned food or drink alcoholic drinks to excess will naturally be more highly stimulated sexually than those who live frugally. This argument seems to make a deep impression on some of them at least. At any rate, I submit this thought to the readers of your wonderful monthly and, let us hope, may it spell hope and deliverance for many poor sinners.

Crede experto . . .
F. S.

A "Pet Peeve"

Editor:

JUST a few lines to tell you how much I enjoy **The Priest.** I hope you continue your good work. It is surprising if not alarming to go into so many rectories and find no monthly periodical devoted to the interests of the Church.

I had hoped that **The Priest** would be more vital and less academic.

It seems to me we can be critical without being immediately suspected of disloyalty. We might better air our own problems with constructive criticism than have those outside the Church air them for us with derision.

I was wondering if a format like **Integrity** would not be better. Then devote each issue to some phase of the Apostolate—having more letters and discussions. Most "ordinary" priests are not too much interested in the "department" articles even if edited by a man with a string of degrees.

Here is a pet peeve of mine. Though not mine exclusively—! to say the least. It is this. Our Catholic colleges are not preparing their graduates to take part in the

Mystical Body. I mean the graduate should have more than just pious and lovely theories about this wonderful doctrine. Every graduate should be a leader in his parish. Yet how little regard your graduates have for the parish! Certainly the place destined for him in the Mystical Body is centered around his (not any) Bishop and pastor. Yet how few ever hear of this! It seems to me Catholic education is just secular education under Church auspices! Have not educator and educated greater obligations than the mere plebeian members of the group? What is the trouble? In college I never heard anything about loyalty to my Bishop and parish, in fact we were trained away from these. Again apostolic zeal for the truth of our faith ought to characterize every lay-graduate—even your M. D.'s and professional men. Does it? It does not—some of them are not even practical Catholics! In college, "good works" are often left to the Sodalities, etc. The pious extras take the place of what ought to be at the very heart of Catholic education. In the parishes it's the same. The Sodalities (if there are any) do the pious extra, which should be the work of the entire unit (parish).

Should not our people be interested personally in every phase of the Apostolate and not just shell out money for bureaucratic officials to take care of charity, education, missions and all the rest? Of course it's easier to run things that way and makes for smoothness, but is it the way of Christ?

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it seems to me a great opportunity is past and all our efforts are not giving us the right returns. Perhaps someone could write an article on this—a somewhat touchy question. I once thought of doing it, but there are better men at the pen, so I remain,

H. J. Q.

Minister Uses Catholic Paper

Editor:

THIS morning Rev. H. N. Tragitt, in charge of St. Luke's Episcopal church, came and told me of the good results he derived in exposing the first page of **Our Sunday Visitor** in the vestibule of his church from your special edition, at the end of the year, on financial affairs of a parish. Many of his people appreciated your front page, and it helped bring in more support.

At the time that edition arrived, he happened to call here, at the rectory, and complained that he did not get much support, and he did not want any of them if they did not contribute to his dire needs —a stand that we do not take for many reasons. I gave him a copy of your paper with the hopes it would do some good to some one, not for the primary end of helping the minister get more income.

This morning he came on an errand of boosting the collection on Laetare Sunday which most of the Protestant churches are taking up for the war-torn countries, in order to have the local paper give the list of the churches collecting for that cause. So the appeal of

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our Holy Father reaches beyond his own jurisdiction, and Lakeview will contribute well. Of course his jurisdiction takes in the whole world, but our erring brethren do not realize it.

The listing of St. Patrick's Church among those collecting, for the above mentioned cause, will help my parishioners give more. Moreover Joe Stalin is influencing the Protestants to join with the Catholics in fighting Communism, which fact is in favor of the One True Church.

Editors, in general, get many brickbats hurled at them, so the above lines were written for encouragement. The local weekly paper has a column headed with "Brickbats at the Editor."

Sincerely yours in Domino,
Very Rev. F. L. Geis, V.F.
St. Patrick's Church
Lakeview, Oregon

Gregem tuum

Editor:

THE oration **Gregem tuum** of the new **Commune Unius Aut Plurium Summorum Pontificum** is being given a meaning which it does not have. The breviary of Benziger and the ordo for many dioceses are guilty. Missals and breviaries of other publishers may have fallen in line.

The **Gregem tuum** is a prayer for the flock and the shepherd, **pro Ecclesia et Papa.** The intercession of former Popes is sought for the presently reigning Pope.

Disregarding the colon and semicolon used to regulate the **tonus festivus** and ommitting the name or names of the Saints, the oration reads: **Gregem tuum, Pastor aeterne, placatus intende, et perpetua protectione custodi quem**

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totius Ecclesiae praestitisti esse pastorem.

Freely translated: "Eternal Shepherd, graciously keep thine eyes upon thy flock, and with unceasing care protect him whom thou hast made the shepherd of the whole Church."

For the feasts of Saints Soter and Caius, Cletus and Marcellinus, my breviary and ordo change the **quem totius Ecclesiae praestitisti esse pastorem** into the plural form **quos totius Ecclesiae praestitisti esse pastores.**

If for the sake of clarity the second predicate is placed at the end, the oration then reads: **Gregem tuum, Pastor aeterne, placatus intende et per beatos Cletum et Marcellinum, Martyres tuos atque Summos Pontifices, quos totius Ecclesiae praestitisti esse pastores, perpetua protectione custodi.**

Here both predicates, **intende** and **custodi,** have one and the same object, **gregem tuum.** The oration is then **pro Ecclesia** alone, not also expressly **pro Papa.**

But is it not too tautological in a concisely worded short oration to add the descriptive phrase **quem totius Ecclesiae praestitisti esse pastorem** to the all inclusive title **Summus Pontifex?** The phrase then would also require an **olim** before the **praestitisti.**

The **quem—pastorem** must retain its singular form no matter how many sainted Popes are mentioned in the oration—provided no official declaration to the contrary comes from the Congregation of Rites. The **Commune** inserted in Benziger's breviary (p. 41 *a) has no rubric directing a change of number for a feast of "twin" Popes.

Edward Dahmus

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